APRIL 8 — 14, 1978

RS. 1.50

# Eve's Weekly

RAILWAY SERVICES: What Consumers Have To Say

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

She Held The Fort While Her Husband Struggled For His Life

# Adorn your hands. Bejewel your ears. But use Sunsilk for beautiful hair.

Soft, silky, sunshine hair.
Sunsilk is more than just a shampoo - it's your most important cosmetic. Because only Sunsilk Shampoo does so much to make you look and feel your beautiful best.

And now the Sunsilk 'new look' range has even more to offer: natural ingredients that you know are good for your hair.

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**sun silk***

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# Attention Proud Parents!

## Your little baby could be a big winner

## in the Papu Baby-of-the-month contest

* **1st Prize : Rs. 250 plus a range of babycare products.**
* **10 Runners-up Prizes : A range of babycare products for each runner-up.**
* **Open to babies born after October 1, 1976 only.**
* **The 1st Prize Winner's photograph will appear in a forthcoming issue of Femina and Eve's Weekly.**

**Enter now! It's so easy. All you do is...**

- Cut out and fill-in, in block letters, the Entry Form below. Entry Forms are also available at most leading chemists and retail shops.
- Attach one black-and-white photograph of your baby (minimum passport size). On the reverse of the photograph, write in block letters the child's name, father's/guardian's name and full address.
- There is no entry fee, but please enclose the paper sleeve (wrapper) of a Papu Deluxe Feeder or the top flap of a Papu Elegant Feeder carton.
- Post your entry to reach on or before May 15, 1978 to P.O. Box No. 1437, Bombay.

**Rules**

1. You may send in as many entries as you wish but your child will be entitled to only one prize. Every entry must be accompanied by an Entry Form, plus a sleeve (wrapper) of a Papu Deluxe Feeder or the top flap of a Papu Elegant Feeder carton.
2. The baby's expression and the composition and quality of the photograph will all be considered when awarding the prizes.
3. A panel of judges chosen by the Advertiser will decide on the winning entries. The decision of the judges will be final and binding, and no correspondence will be entertained in this regard.
4. The Advertiser undertakes no responsibility for entries lost in the post.
5. Entries sent by Registered Post will not be accepted.
6. Photographs once submitted will not be returned.
7. The Prize Winners will also be intimated by post.

**Hurry! Closing Date May 15, 1978**

The Papu range of babycare products includes an Elegant Feeder, Deluxe Feeder, Mini Feeder, Nipples, Mixer, Baby Soother and Spillproof Tumbler.

Babycare that mothers trust

*cut here*

### Papu Baby-of-the-month contest

**Entry Form—April, 1978**

Name of baby: _____

Date of birth: _____

Address: _____

No. of teeth: _____

Weight: _____ Kgs. Height: _____ cms.

Signature of parent/guardian: _____

EW

Babycare that mothers trust

# What every woman should know about blood and iron loss.

**Doctors say that as a woman you need twice as much iron as a man.**

**And here's what happens if you don't get it.**

With your monthly loss of blood, you also lose iron.
If you don't make up this iron loss regularly,
you could start feeling tired, irritable and unable to
give your family all the love and care they need.
Your daily diet does not normally provide this
extra iron you need.
That's why you need Femibon.
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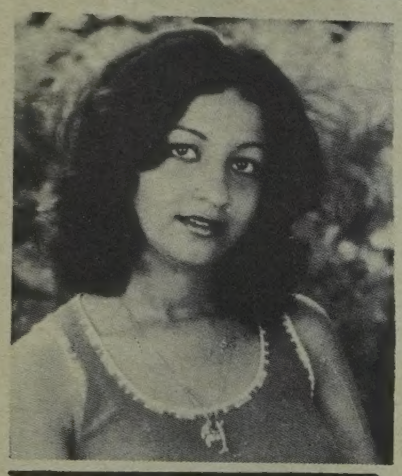

**SUNITA BHAVNANI**

Attractive, eighteen-year-old Sunita is fun loving, sociable and in love with life. Faced with the same problem which every other teenager faces after finishing school, "now what?", she did her secretarial course from Davar's College of Commerce, and is at present working as a steno.

Sunita loves music, dancing and reading — anything from classics to light romantic fiction. She has also specialised in flower arrangement, and enjoys modelling.

Plans for the future? "I want to be an air hostess. This will give me ample opportunity to see places and meet people."

Can't think of marriage right now, she says. "I would definitely prefer a love marriage after knowing the boy thoroughly."

Photograph : Girish Shukla


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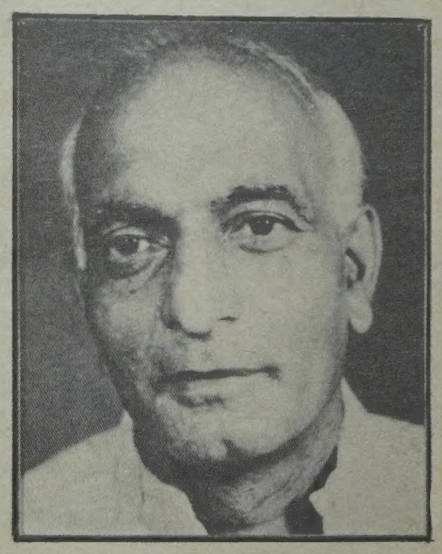
# this week

## INTERVIEW: MADHU DANDAVATE



With the announcement of the railway budget and the holiday season soon to begin, rail services are beginning to loom large on the consumer horizon. In an exclusive interview, the Union Minister for Railways, Madhu Dandavate, talks about his plans for the Railways and what they offer to the consumer.
**Page 9.**

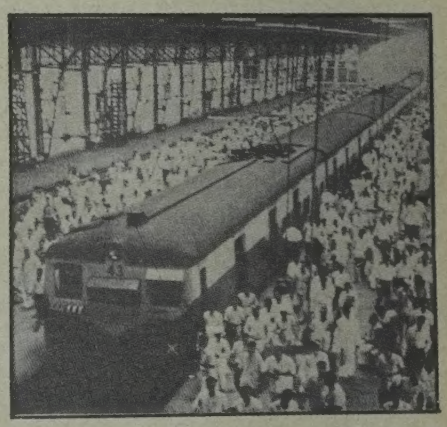
## The Railway Budget: The Best In Years?

A look at this year's budget from the consumer point of view.
**Page 39.**

## TRAVEL BY TRAIN: COMPLAINTS AND COMPLIMENTS

Travellers have a lot to say about the services offered by the Railways. Much of it is criticism, but there are also some suggestions and even a few compliments.
Interviews with a cross-section of people who use the Railways.
**Page 11.**

## SUBURBAN TRAINS: A BETTER DEAL FOR COMMUTERS?



Three of India's cities—Bombay, Calcutta and Madras—boast suburban rail systems. Although Bombay's system is considered the best and most extensive, it is far from perfect. Interviews with Railway officials reveal the problems they face and their plans for ameliorating the current plight of Bombay's commuters.
**Page 14.**

## RAILWAY FOOD STALLS

The condition of the food stalls on railway platforms is almost invariably deplorable, and unnecessarily so, since the Railways could easily control the situation more effectively. Consumers also could be instrumental in improving the situation.
**Page 17.**

## ALSO


Austrian Women : enjoying real equality? — **Page 24,** The Secrets of Block Printing: two women discuss their art, a colour feature — **Page 22,** Human Interest Story: holding the fort while the husband struggled for life — **Page 40,** Film Interview: Sanjay Khan — **Page 19,** Eve Today: Jayawantiben Mehta and Kamal Desai, two new MLA's from Bombay — **Page 29,** Profiles: Tara Chandavarkar — **Page 29,** Mr & Mrs. P. C. Lal — **Page 37.**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Pikart-RS-1

*Do you have anything to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.*

# your page

1st prize

**BATTERED HUSBANDS**

Things seem to be moving really fast in the United States. Only a few years ago that country put the Women's Liberation Movement on the world picture. But if what is reported is correct, we will soon hear about a Men's Liberation Movement moving in full swing. A piece of startling news says that some twelve million husbands in the United States are being beaten regularly by their wives and that the men are shying away from publicity for fear of ridicule. Women of the United States, we salute you for your courage! But please go slow. We in India just cannot keep pace with you all. The Indian Sitas and Savitris have miles to go before they can give their husbands the privilege of starting a Men's liberation Movement on the ground of being battered regularly. Do you agree?

**Amina Amin, Ahmedabad**

**Since we despise wife-beaters, it would stand to reason we would despise husband-beaters, too. However, one doesn't know whether the American wives are beating their husbands from a position of female superiority — or, are they merely "beating back?"**

---

2nd prize

**THE TENDER FLOWER**

Women tolerate men's vices — mothers almost always seem to overlook the number of girl friends her son goes about with. But a girl is asked to be virtuous and is castigated by society for dating many men. Thus is born the superiority of man, that he can do anything he wants and yet land up with a virtuous woman as his wife. And, after all this, the same man expects his daughters to be virtuous, forgetting his own vice-ridden past. He even goes to the length of punishing his daughter if she is found going out with a man when she is in his custody. While the daughter out of fear for the father is unable to speak out and remind him that she is growing, it would be wise for parents to realise that this dating is a gentle reminder that she is making her debut in the world as a woman. If at this juncture she is punished, the tender flower of wifehood and motherhood that has just blossomed gets trampled upon, causing crude awakenings in the woman in her. Thereafter, one can never predict what she may become. If she takes to the path of vice she is looked down upon by the very men who have used her, and also by women who would tolerate the same polygamous instinct in their sons or husbands. Is this not a crying shame?

**S. Lalitha, Madras**

**This is, by now, a hackneyed theme: boys can date, girls can't (so whom do the boys date, anyway? Not the 'good' girls, we are told). Our mothers and grandmothers were content not to date. Now, things have changed and girls are beginning to go out openly with men, especially working girls. Soon, as in the West, the Indian bridegroom will be left wondering if his radiant bride is a virgin or not.**

---

3rd prize

**GADGET BREAKDOWNS**

I cannot say what havoc is played in the industries using electric power, but as a middle-class housewife, I find that all my electrical appliances and gadgets breakdown frequently due to high voltage fluctuation, resulting in heavy repairing costs and long periods of inconvenience. I am sure the repeated damaging and repairing process must also considerably reduce the life-span of the gadgets. It is neither practical nor economical to use costly voltage-stabilisers on all gadgets and appliances. Therefore, on behalf of the harassed housewives, I request through your esteemed and influential columns, the engineering community to prepare a device to help us out of this perpetual suffering. I feel that if other sufferers also emphasised their need through the press, the scientific community will certainly pay greater attention.

**Mrs. V. K. Deshmukh Bombay.**

**Since we, in the course of exhorting women to take up jobs, have often advocated the full use of modern, time-saving kitchen gadgets, we are most concerned about what you say. It is no use investing in appliances and gadgets if they are not going to work. The relevant authorities must look into this problem without the least possible delay.**

---

**SPORTING LOSER**

So much, for building castles in the air, and counting my chickens, before they were hatched!

I thought (and hoped) that the odds would be in my favour, and I kept my fingers crossed trusting I would win the 250 bucks, in the Complete-The-Story Contest. I planned what I would do with the prize money. The results are announced I've come a cropper. Let alone winning the prize I haven't even got an honourable mention!

But then, what would life be, if one never hoped or dreamed? Half the fun in life is in anticipating and trusting that, things will go your way. And even if they don't, and your optimism was ill-founded, still wasn't the going good, while it lasted? And if your summer turns to winter, no matter, there'll be a summer again. Congratulations, Winner for your well-deserved version of the story!

**Hyma Bal, Tellicherry**

**That's the spirit. Life's too short to fritter away in envy, bitterness or anger Indeed, nice of you to write Mrs. B.**

# this wee for you

**K. H. Shroff**

**For the week April 8—14**

ARIES: (March 21—April 19) Good week for short journeys, correspondence and financial gains. Avoid new enterprise and signing documents. Favourable days: 9, 10.

TAURUS (April 20—May 21) Good health, income increase. Favourable for singers and artists to project personality and talent. Avoid legal affairs. Favourable days: 9, 13.

GEMINI (May 22—June 21) Good week to go ahead and achieve your ambitions. Foreign travel and overseas mission prove successful. Favourable days: 11-13.

CANCER (June 22—July 22) Gain from influential people. Keep up resolve to achieve what you desire despite obstruction from outside. Success sure. Favourable days: 13, 14.

LEO (July 23—Aug. 23) Avoid tensions. Do not make haste and rush into decisions where your position and personal honour are concerned. Favourable days: 8, 13.

VIRGO (Aug. 24—Sept. 22) Lots of visits to hospitals and homes of sick people. Advancement in private and public affairs. Favourable days: 9, 10.

LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22) Plan your week-end carefully. Do not accept financial risks. Favourable time to complete unfinished jobs. Favourable days: 11, 12.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22) Unexpected events upset plans and you feel thwarted. A close associate, a member of the opposite sex, proves a source of encouragement. Favourable days: 13, 14.

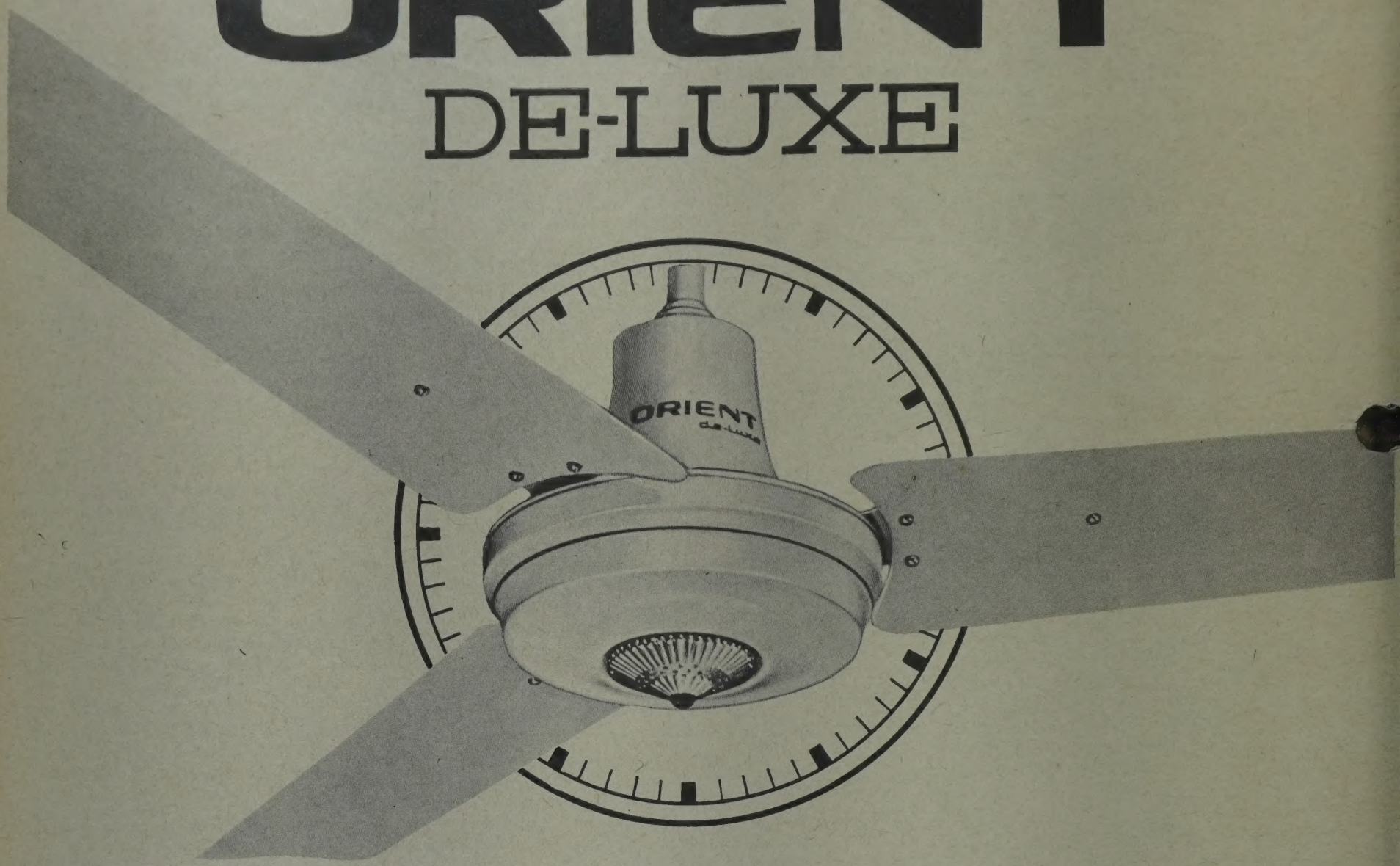
SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 21) Don't allow your past success to tempt you keep up the present tempo. Favourable for domestic affairs and monetary gains. Favourable days: 8, 12.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22—Jan. 19) Capricornians find invigorating companionship. Engagement and marriage for the unwed. Delay in expected news from overseas. Favourable days: 9, 10.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 19) Tension in domestic area. Concentrate your mental powers on increasing your special faculties. Avoid snap decisions. Favourable days: 12, 13.

PISCES (Feb. 20—March 20) Unexpected material benefits. Journeys, correspondence prove beneficial. Artists find this week encouraging. Favourable days: All days.

# New ORIENT DE-LUXE

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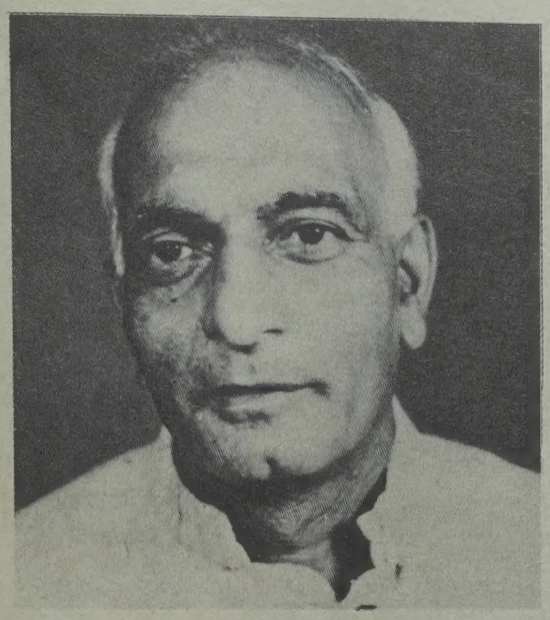
## Interview With Mr. DANDAVATE

# NO CLASSES IN NEW TRAINS

***With his socialist background, the Minister for Railways is making travelling more comfortable for the second class passenger***

**D. R. Ahuja**



The Janata party made as many, if not more, election promises in March last, as the Congress did time and again in the 30 years of its rule. Both talk of being committed to a "classless" society based on the Gandhian philosophy. The Janata, specially, is supposed to be a "people's government."

Union Railway Minister Madhu Dandavate being an ex-Praja Socialist, wants classless trains as the norm in India. He has made a start already; all the new trains he has introduced so far have been classless. They are basically for the poor. Are these trains going to affect women and children in any particular way? Mr. Dandavate insists that their security and comfort is his prime concern. In an interview with Eve's Weekly, Mr. Dandavate spelt out details of the Janata Government's policy regarding railways. All new long distance trains will be classless "Janata" trains. An endeavour will be made to provide better amenities for second class passengers in all trains. The Geetanjali Express, the first single-class long-distance train, introduced on the Bombay-Calcutta route on November 4, 1977, is a symbol of the new shape of things to come.

All the coaches of the Geetanjali Express have padded cushions and berths instead of wooden ones. In every coach, there is an arrangement for drinking water. The train also has a lending library. Some of these facilities are not available even to first class passengers in other trains. And then these comforts are provided at second-class fares. These facilities will be made available in other trains, too.

The Railway Ministry is considering a proposal to supply better and cheaper food to passengers. It is proposed to abolish dining cars on many trains and instead introduce pantry cars to provide more seats for second-class passengers. Under the new scheme, base kitchens will bo set up at the selected stations, where food will be prepared under strictly hygienic conditions and served hot to the passengers.

The catering contractors have been told to observe high standards of hygiene in the preparation of food. Such standards are already being maintained in departmental catering.

Efforts are being made to streamline the catering of snacks at stations. Since it is not possible to sell drinks in the trains, they will also be provided at the stations.

Admitting that after an overnight journey, almost the entire train stinks, the Railway Minister spoke of the plan to clean compartments and toilets at stations where the trains have long halts. The cooperation of the passengers would be essential in this matter. Often, they do not use the flush and leave fruit peels, peanut-skins, cigarette butts, wrappers and other garbage strewn in the compartment.

As regards speeding up of trains, Mr. Dandavate said the Railways are thinking of introducing more "super-fast" trains. In the current financial year, 108 new trains were introduced, the run of 74 trains extended and at least 100 trains were speeded up. The Railways now run 11,000 trains on 61,000 route kms. of track per day.

The Railways are also introducing double-decker coaches from the beginning of the next financial year to ease congestion in trains. Initially, these will be introduced on the Bombay-Pune route and later other short distance routes. The double-decker coaches will have a capacity of 148 passengers each instead of the present 90.

Mr. Dandavate holds organised disruptive forces responsible for the recent spurt in railway accidents. "The arrest of 13 people in Maharashtra has confirmed the existence of these organised groups. One of the suspects was apprehended by a dog squad. At the instance of the suspect, police recovered appliances used by the saboteurs. The accident near Rewari, especially, which claimed many lives, was a clear act of sabotage. As inquries are going on, it would not be fair to name the political affiliation of the arrested persons. The strict vigil kept by the Railway police has prevented accidents during the last two months in which period ten cases of removal of fishplates have been detected in time, in U.P., M.P., Bihar and Maharashtra, where the major accidents have occurred. What worries the Government is not the number of accidents, but the existence of disruptive forces behind some of these accidents.

"Between April and December 1977, 661 accidents took place as compared to 696 in 1974, 771 in 1975 and 604 in 1976 in the corresponding period. These include minor mishaps like short-circuiting.

"A nationwide safety drive has been launched. It has been decided to set up village volunteer forces for patrolling the tracks. About 25,000 people, including 14,000 gangmen and 11,000 Railway Protection Force personnel, have been patrolling the tracks, at a cost of Rs. 1 lakh per day. The monsoon patrolling of tracks has been extended throughout the year. Maintenance and repair of tracks and rolling stock is receiving high priority, while modern signalling and automatic systems are being progressively introduced. Track circuiting is being extended and long and short welding is being increasingly adopted to eliminate the need for fishplates," the Minister added.

Referring to the question of safety on the trains, Mr. Dandavate said that law and order was within the jurisdication of State governments which controlled the railway police. The Railway Minister said he had addressed a communication to the Chief Ministers requesting them to provide for more patrolling of tracks and at stations and also for escorts in running trains. Both categories of police guards have been given special instructions to guard the women's compartments.

The Railway Minister is aware of the corruption at the the ticket counters and reservation counters. It had come to his notice that it is very difficult to get tickets — one has to resort either to influence or bribe the counter clerks. Many coolies and railway employees also help passengers get seats at a price. Efforts will be made to check all these malpractices. "But results cannot be achieved without the cooperation of the travelling public and trade unions. Passengers should desist from bribing the clerks and bring such cases to the notice of the senior officers," he pointed out.

The Minister said immediate and wide ranging steps had been taken to end corruption and nepotism in appointments and promotions. It has been decided to refer all ad hoc appointments among Class III employees to the Railway Services Commission, while those among Class IV employees will be screened by a committee. "Orders have also been issued abolishing the Ministers' quota for appointment under "sports" and "cultural" categories, which provided a cover for nepotism," the Minister added.

Mr. Dandavate concluded that the Railways have shown remarkable improvements in many fields since the new Government took over. A beginning has been made by creating better industrial relations. Victimised employees have been reinstated. A regular machinery has been set up to handle the genuine grievances of the workers. For the first time in the history of Indian Railways, promotional avenues have been opened up for Class IV employees by giving them selection grades. This will immediately benefit 50,000 Class IV employees. The Janata Government has sanctioned Rs. 15 crores to be spent on the welfare of employees and their families in the current financial year. Workers' participation in management has also been ensured through the establishment of Corporate Enterprise groups at the railway board and zonal railway levels and in the production units. The Corporate Enterprise group comprises representatives of the two Federations of the workers, the Federation of Officers' Associations and the officials of the Railway Ministry.

Meenakshi Joshi,
Backbay Reclamation,
Bombay 400020.

Dear Binaca,

I have terribly oily skin. The city dirt and grime make it worse. And very prone to pimples. The weather conditions also add to my misfortune. I don't know what to do. Help me.

Yours faithfully,
Meenakshi Joshi

# A beauty-tip so good you'll like to share it with your daughter.

Oily skin can be a problem. Especially in humid weather conditions. The first thing to remember is to keep your face clean. Wash it with a mild soap and warm water and splash cold water on it, or clean it with Binaca Cleansing Lotion, as often as you can. That takes away the excess oil and hidden dirt and minimizes the pimple problem. Then apply Binaca Vanishing Cream so that a thin transparent layer covers your face. It keeps away the dirt and excessive sweat and gives your face a non-glossy, matt-finish natural look.

Binaca Vanishing Cream is also a perfect make-up base, even for oily skins because it is non-greasy. It helps prevent your complexion from getting darker under the sun. So make Binaca Vanishing Cream a regular habit, especially if you have an oily skin.

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# TRAVEL BY TRAIN: complaints and compliments

Suman Pai

**WHILE TRAVELLING BY TRAIN IS NO LONGER THE TRAUMA IT WAS, MUCH STILL REMAINS TO BE DONE TO IMPROVE THE SERVICE**

The "Gitanjali Express" enters the platform at Victoria Terminus in Bombay and comes to a grinding halt. There is a clamour for seats by the waiting passengers. Soon, however, things quieten down. Time elapses and at long last the red signal turns green. The guard blows his whistle shrilly. Last minute goodbyes are called out. The train slowly draws out of the platform and, as it picks up speed, all that one can see is a blur of tear-filled eyes, smiling faces and arms waving madly.

For some a holiday has begun, for others it's a journey back home and for yet others it's a business trip — all made possible by the Indian Railways.

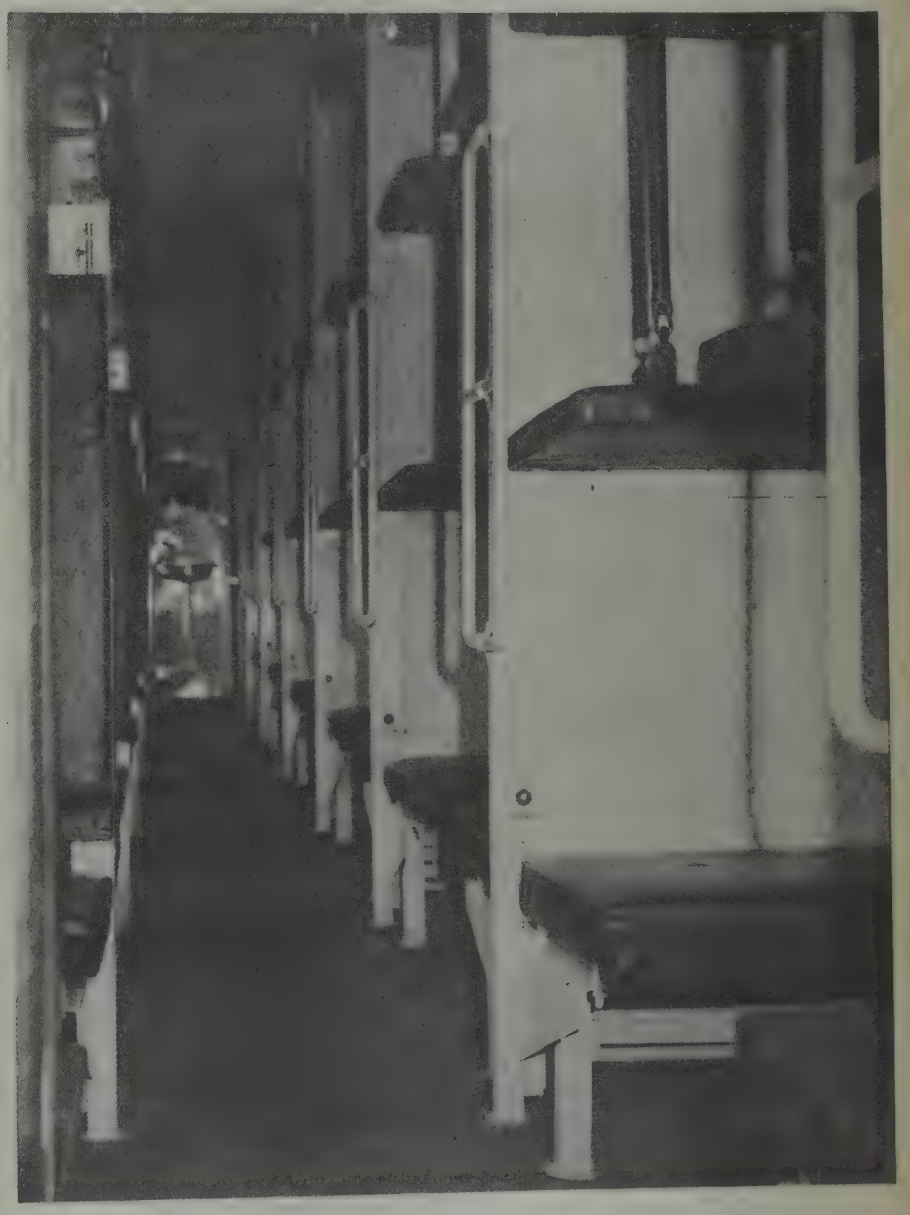
Way back in 1853 the first train steamed out of Bombay's V. T. Since then it has been an uphill task, a grinding path for the Railways. Creditably, now its network spreads far and wide over the face of India.

Thanks mainly are due to the public which has extended its cooperation towards this success. A survey conducted revealed however, that travellers have diverse opinions on the Indian Railways' success.

To begin with, tickets pose a colossal problem. Most of the people interviewed seemed to have secured tickets through Railway officials. "It is easier that way and, moreover, we can be sure of getting them, specially in the holiday season when there is a rush for seats," said Miss R. or Matunga.

But a Railway official preferred to call this a coincidence. (An unusual coincidence though!) "We are not given any special privileges," he said. "In fact even if we have to purchase tickets for our friends we have to send our peons to wait in the queue and get them through the regular channels. We definitely do not secure them through the back door."

The Indian Railways, in order to reduce this occurrence, specially during the holiday rush, have now made it possible to book tickets six months in advance. So that the question of non-availability of tickets does not arise, specially as one has the option of planning a holiday as well as booking tickets months ahead. The only difficulty that a passenger faces is securing tickets during an emergency. The Railways have a provision for this, too. Tickets are made available either from the unused V.I.P quota or from last-minute cancellations. These, however, are given on a first-come first- served basis.



Mr. D. of Santacruz complained, "First of all there are long queues before the counter. The fatigue experienced while waiting is further heightened by one's anxiety about securing tickets. For all you know after a long wait you may reach the ticket window to hear the clerk say "no quota" and have it slam down on your face."

Passengers travelling without reservations find it difficult to get seats. "Once I travelled the whole distance from Pune to Bombay standing on one leg like a stork," complained Mr. D "My baggage was at one end and I at another. Had my bags been pinched right before my eyes, I could have done nothing about it, because the compartment was so crowded."

It is not unusual to find porters boarding the train just as it enters the station to bag seats for passengers. All that the latter do is pay the porters a nominal fee for the seats. But what about those who do not wish to or cannot afford to pay an extra amount, or who cannot beat the crowd by boarding a moving train?

The Railways advise passengers to refrain from encouraging porters and wait for the train to stop before boarding. The Railways ensure non-occupancy of the coaches when these are in the yard. The Railway Police Force, along with their dogs, keep vigilance till the coaches are drawn into the station.

On the question of fare structure: Not many felt that the fares were too high except for air-conditioned travel. But Mr K. of Grant Road said, "The Railways should appoint a cost conscious committee to suggest methods of reducing overheads

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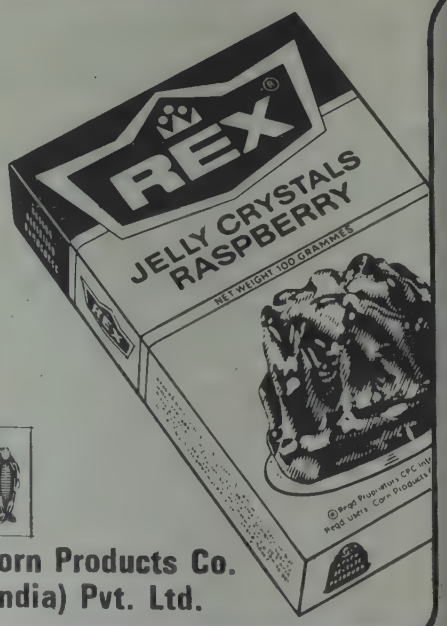


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Measure 500 ml of water, but use only three-fourths. Heat water and dissolve jelly crystals. Cool and set. When almost done, whip with egg-beater till frothy. Keep aside half. Place other half in wet mould and set. Add cream to reserved mixture. Beat till frothy. Spoon carefully on set jelly, allow both to set firmly. Do not over-freeze. Unmould and serve with raspberry-flavoured Brown & Polson custard, if desired.

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## TRAVEL BY TRAIN

which in turn will result in lowering the fares." The Railway Minister, in his recent budget, has said that the Government of India has appointed a committee for considering in depth the whole question of rationalising fares. However, till this committee submits its report, things will remain unchanged.

The Railways issue numerous concession rates. The list ranges from students, teachers, N.C.C cadets to handicapped persons, T.B. and cancer patients, sportsmen and kisans. "Foreigners touring the country can avail of the Indian Railway pass. This is a ticket on which they can travel all around India at a minimum expense," said a Railway official. This is creditable, as it gives an added impetus to tourism here.

Passengers complained about maintenance of coaches. "The compartments aren't kept clean," wailed Mrs. P. of Santacruz. "They are clean to start with but then when the toilets and gangways get filthy due to constant use, nothing is done about it."

The Railway official replied. "We have employed jamadars who clean the compartments at all stations. But they face the difficulty of having to wend their way through the scramble of passengers trying to get in and out. Hence they are often dismissed or curtly asked to resume their work later." He further stated that they have found a solution and introduced a new system, whereby a jamadar travels on the train. He is equipped with a kit bag containing all the necessary items and the coaches are cleaned during the journey.

"What about the bugs which house in the wooden crevices?" grumbled Mr. K. "Specially in the three-tier coaches. I wish these three-tier berths also had padded cushions." His wishes seemed to have been granted. The Railway Minister has stated that henceforth all new three tier coaches will have padded cushions.

The Railways also run their own catering service. Thus one can be assured of hot meals and snacks during a journey. But Mrs. S. of Colaba complained, "The conditions are not at all hygienic. I have seen cups and saucers being washed in dirty water and, moreover, the crockery used is chipped and old." The Railway official however positively asserted that they maintain high standards of hygiene and cleanliness and also carry out frequent random checks. "The crockery is washed in disinfected water," he said.

The Railway officials, however, place the blame on private caterers who operate on certain long distance trains.

"Why not attach a pantry car on all long distance trains then?" The Railway official replied that a pantry car meant one less second class coach. "Would this be preferred by the public?"

Some people complained that in spite of travelling by diesel or electric trains they still get very dirty. But the fact is, we get dirty because of the dust that enters a running train and this is the case even if we travel by road. Yet most of the interviewees seemed to enjoy travelling by train.

But travelling can be rather uncomfortable sometimes!

Mr. D. of Dhanbad said, "I am never going to travel by train again." The reason? He chanced to travel once in a completely dark train from Calcutta to Dhanbad with his co-passenger, much to his dismay, a goat!

About delays: "During the Emergency the trains ran on time. Why have the Railways slackened? If it could be done then why not now?" asked Mr. D. "We do try and keep to timings and are successful most of the time," countered the Railway official. "If we are delayed, then it is usually due to chain pulling by miscreants."

Right at the beginning we spoke of the "Gitanjali Express". A super fast train operating between Bombay and Howrah, it has the distinction of being India's first classless train welcomed by many poor travellers.

But some of those interviewed were against classless trains.

"What about those who travel regularly in luxury at company expense?" asked Mr. S. of Andheri. "They are travelling on company work and, therefore, should definitely be entitled to some degree of comfort."

Miss M. said, "I have travelled both by first and second class and have found that the first class service is more commendable. I will travel in luxury as long as I can afford it. Why then should I travel classless?"

But, Miss M. how would you like to travel classless, where for a second class fare you get first class treatment? That's the objective of classless travel and one hopes the Railways achieve it.

# A LITTLE MISTAKE

**A little mistake and the whole meaning is changed; a whole sentence can go off at a tanget**

The other day I saw a programme on T.V. in which two ladies were conversing quite seriously — but it turned out to be a great comedy indeed. One lady used the word "maternity" show instead of "matinee show" and "realise" instead of "release." From that time onwards I started collecting instances where people use the wrong words by mistake and thus create laughter, and sometimes, quite a lot of embarrassment for themselves, too.

Here are some of the sentences I've collected.

"The Health Minister has arrived in Kashmir for a sex week holiday." (Six was obviously what was meant.)

Caption in a magazine, "Vasanta Devil with her husband. (It should have been Vasanta Devi.)

Advertisement in a newspaper: "To let—a good flat, two-bedroom with attached bathroom, drawing-cum-dining hall with attractive and beautiful widow in each room. (Obviously a window.)

A doctor prescribed the following for a diabetic woman patient. "One glass of milk, one egg, 100 grams of channa, plus two healthy males, a day." (Need one say, meals were meant?)

An officer sought the permission of the head of the department to take his jeep outside the district headquarters. But the typed request read that he wanted to take his keep outside the headquarters. Permission was granted, but the head of the department added a comment that the officer's wife must be informed in advance about his intention.

The wife of our halwai was informed by her neighbour that her husband had been arrested at his shop on a charge of adultery. Later on it was discovered that the charge was of adulteration.

One gentleman wrote to his friend who had gone out of town that he had been to his residence in his absence to enquire about the welfare of the family and that he was sorry to inform him that he had a severe shock when he touched his naked and wet wife in the bathroom. He added had not yet recovered from this. Later on, it was found that it was a naked and wet wire, that he had touched.

**Shreshtha Takkar**

# BETTER DEAL FOR BOMBAY COMMUTERS

## *The present state of the Bombay suburban railway system and the steps being taken to improve it*

**Shivanand Karkal**

Of the three Indian cities to have a full-fledged suburban rail system — Bombay, Calcutta and Madras — Bombay's is said to be the best. Having said that, you have to feel sorry for Madras and Calcutta — especially if, like this writer, you have to travel every day courtesy Bombay's Western and Central Railways. Of course, to say it with figures, the Western Railway in Bombay runs 711 suburban trains every day at an average interval of 2.5 minutes during the peak hours, and the Central Railway runs another 853 trains per day at almost the same intervals. Most of the city's business and government offices are jam-packed at its southern end, while the suburbs are the main residential areas. Therefore, every morning and evening, just these two components of the metropolitan transport system shunt nearly 3 million Bombayites literally from one end of the city to the other.

Though nowhere near the utopian Tokyo suburban rail system (a train every 90 seconds!), statistics would indicate that Bombay's rail system is doing its job — if only just doing it. Hard reality stares you in the face only when you actually travel from, say, Andheri to Churchgate during the peak hours. Or from any station, on any of the two Railways. From the time you are tossed from swell to swell of the platform crowd till the time you reach your destination, physically in one shape and in one piece, but a tattered, bruised wreck, life will be one long hell for you...

But you've got to look at it from the Railways, point of view also — they've been struggling with greater and greater odds since that memorable day, April 16, 1853, when Bombay's first suburban train chugged in from Thana to Byculla. Fourteen years later, the Western Railway started its Virar-Backbay run. Bombay was a different place then— most of what is now its southern part was covered by water — and trains coming to Backbay used to dump mud and boulders there to reclaim land from the sea. A lot of things have happened since then, and Bombay's suburban railways have grown phenomenally — a growth more pronounced in the last few decades, as the following table shows:

| | Central Railway | | Western Railway | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Year | Trains/day | Commuters/year | Trains/day | Commuters/year |
| 1940 | 402 | 33 million | 187 | 48 million |
| 1960 | 595 | 218 " | 301 | 178 " |
| 1970 | 703 | 483 " | 369 | 237 " |
| 1975 | 764 | 588 " | 461 | 399 " |
| 1976 | 839 | 685 " | 661 | 535 " |
| 1977 | 853 | 690 " | 711 | 595 " |

Another interesting fact that emerges is that, in the last 28 years, the number of trains run by the Central Railway has doubled, but the number of commuters has gone up by more than 20 times; while the Western Railway has 4 times more trains but carries nearly 12 times more commuters!

Thus, there was an obvious need for a number of improvements. And the streamlining of Bombay's suburban rail system began in earnest with the Western Railway's quadrupling of tracks between Churchgate and Grant Road — a project that was completed in early 1975. Previously, the Western Railway comprised two lines between Churchgate and Grant Road, four lines between Grant Road and Borivli, and again two lines between Borivli and Virar. The existence of just two lines in the Grant Road-Churchgate section constituted a major bottle-neck. Normally, the third and fourth lines are taken up by "fast trains whereas the first and second are maintained for trains that stop at all stations: and both these had to be accommodated on the same two lines in the crucial south Bombay zone. Therefore, commuters had to cool their heels for a long time, particularly during peak hours, because of the hold-up at Grant Road.

This problem was eliminated by quadrupling the tracks between Grant Road and Churchgate. The 3.69 km. project cost about Rs 6.22 crores and additional back-up facilities (power-stations, repair and maintenance work, etc. about Rs. 28 crores.

Flooding of railway tracks and a generalised paraiysis of train services has unfortunately been a regular annual feature for the

Bombayman. The havoc created by the torrential rains of July 4-5, 1974, are still fresh in the minds of commuters and railway officials alike. Not only the tracks but whole stations (like Dadar) were completely submerged by flood-waters. At any rate, it all seemed to galvanise the railway authorities into taking effective anti-flood measures.

As a Western Railway official put it, "Flooding of tracks usually occurred in low-lying areas like Grant Road. The tracks have been there for a long time now and the surrounding area has been continually developed. Therefore the ground level in the area around the tracks has gradually gone higher, and the track level has gone down. This makes such areas very prone to flooding." Therefore, the authorities raised the tracks in these areas, which also required certain overhead bridges to be raised. (Frere Bridge between Bombay Central and Grant Road was raised at a cost of Rs. 4.42 lakhs.) Desilting operations were set into motion, and the entire drainage system in the flood-prone areas was completely overhauled. "Impending boxes," situated in between the tracks, and which contain certain instruments crucial for the running of trains, have also been elevated in such areas. All these measures have paid off handsome dividends for the Western Railway: no major monsoon dislocation of its suburban services has occurred in the last two years.

In October 1977, the Western Railway started a "cyclic pattern" of trains on its suburban section. In essence, the system provides a train to every important station on the Western Railway (Bandra, Andheri, Goregaon, Borivli and Virar) at a fixed interval of time. A WR spokesman said, "With the introduction of the cyclic pattern, our commuters will be saved a lot of headaches — if they miss, say, an Andheri train, they'll know for sure that the next train for Andheri will arrive in another six minutes."

The levels of a number of railway platforms are also being raised. This, explained an official, would ensure smoother disembarkment of passengers, especially in the peak hours — and, watching the frenetic stampede for train compartments, which often hurls back commuters wishing to alight, so that they have to get down in that split-second before the crowd rushes in, one feels that the new measure will prove very helpful.

Of the long-term proposals for improving suburban rail travel, the sixth and seventh corridor schemes must be mentioned. Some years ago, the Metropolitan Transport Project was set up under the Railway Board to chalk out new transport measures for major Indian cities. In Bombay, it noted that the Central Railway, with three corridors (two on the main line, one on the Harbour branch) and the Western Railway, with two corridors, were grossly overloaded with commuters. Daily the two railways together run more than 1500 trains, carrying a total of 3 million commuters. The peak hour, which is an excellent yardstick to measure the true capacity of a transport system, has trains carrying commuters anywhere from 2500-3500 on an average. Considering that the marked capacity of most of these trains is **1700**, the degree of overcrowding can be imagined. The Metropolitan Project however estimated that the percentage of over-crowding on the Central and Western Railways was 30 and 50 respectively over an average capacity of 2600 commuters per train.

According to the Project, the sixth corridor will extend from Bandra to Goregaon on the WR, and Kurla to Bhandup on the CR. In addition, another line will be built, starting from a new station called Fort Market Station to Ravli Junction on the CR. This new line will be connected to the Bandra-Goregaon line.

The sixth corridor will serve many functions. For one, it will provide commuters in the suburbs with a direct link to the central business district in the Fort Market area. As a result, the pressure on Churchgate and Victoria Terminus will be eased off because commuters will be diverted to the new Fort Market station. Vehicular traffic on the roads in the Churchgate and Victoria Terminus areas will decrease because there will be less commuters to and from these stations.

The sixth corridor will help to reduce the severe over-crowding on suburban trains because commuters from Bandra and Kurla can be carried by the Fort Market line. Journey time is sought to be shortened by providing long-distance commuters with a faster and direct route to their ultimate destinations in the Fort Market region. The Central Railway's Harbour branch will also benefit in the bargain because it can be extended northwards from Kurla to Bhandup and connected to the Kurla-Mankhurd line.

All in all, the sixth corridor seeks to ferry more than 9 lakh commuters per day. Its estimated cost then was 157.63 crores.

The seventh corridor will connect Colaba to Kurla, with six interchange points on present stations — Churchgate, VT, Byculla, Mahalaxmi, Bandra and Kurla. The corridor will be underground for most of the route (from Colaba to Mahim) and will thereafter be elevated up to Kurla. Costing about Rs. 448.4 crores, it will require 12 years for completion and carry nearly 19 lakh commuters every day.

Thus, if the sixth and seventh corridors are constructed, they can together carry nearly 30 lakh commuters every day — which is what the two railways do today.

When the MTP was organised, the projected number of employed individuals for 1981 was 25.15 lakhs (for the whole of Bombay) as against 16.48 lakhs then. With the constant influx of people, and a population zooming upwards at the rate of nearly 8 per cent, Bombay's transport problems are going to be a nightmare to the authorities in the next few years.

A Central Railway official says, "In the last few decades, there has been a tremendous increase in commuter traffic—much more than we can cope with even now. After all, we also have our own limitations. For one thing, we just can't increase the number of our trains any further because additional rakes aren't available. Most of the coa

**Continued on Page 47**

# What every mother should know about starting her baby on solids

**"When should infants be started on solids?"**
When your baby is about three months old, just milk is no longer enough for proper all-round growth. He now needs food that will give him extra energy and nourishment. And this is supplied by semi-solids. It is, however, best to ask your doctor first. He will be the one who will be able to advise you as to whether your baby is ready for solids or not. Some babies who develop faster are ready for solids sooner than others. Remember, there are no strict rules about when your baby should be given solids. But generally it is agreed by doctors that from three months onwards, infants need something more substantial than just plain milk.

**"How to choose the right solid food for my baby?"**
Your choice should be a solid food that is nutritionally complete. Food that contains, in right proportion, all the necessary elements and ingredients to provide optimum nourishment to a growing infant. A food that is complete with proteins, fats, carbohydrates, vitamins and iron.

**"Why is it important that a weaning food should be nutritionally complete?"**
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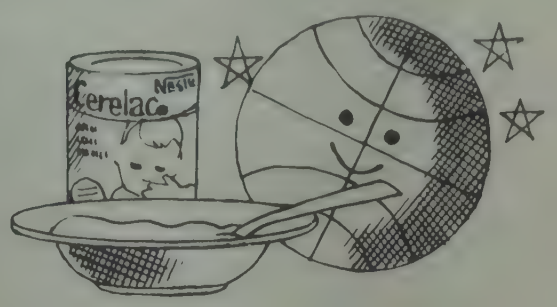


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**"Does Cerelac taste good?"**
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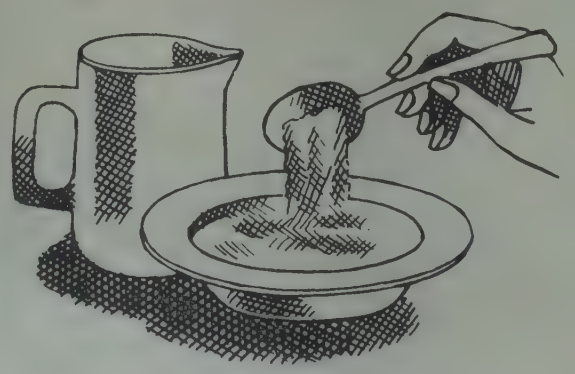

**"What is the best time for a Cerelac meal?"**
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# RAILWAY STALLS: you can enforce hygiene!

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**Alpana Chowdhury**

It was a sultry April afternoon in Bombay. I reached the station out of breath, with parched lips and a dry, dusty throat. The heat was overpowering. All around me people appeared shrivelled up and dehydrated.

I made my way to a Railway stall for a glass of water. As the glasses on the tray were empty I asked a waiter for a glass of drinking water. He picked up the glasses, shook them around under the tap, filled them with unfiltered water and, with his fingers still dipped in them, placed them back on the tray. My eyes wandered from his long, filthy fingernails to the greasy glasses. I settled for a soft drink.

On the way, I got off at one of the stations to pick up some vegetables. By the time I reached Andheri (a suburb about 20 kms away from Bombay city) I was thirsty all over again. Cursing the heat and the crowds, I ventured once again towards a Railway stall. Once again I found myself sipping a soft drink.

Why is it that foodstalls on Railway platforms are run without any consideration for the health of the public? We speak of national progress, more dedicated, efficient labour, etc., but isn't sound health a basic necessity for all this? A person with worms in his stomach or chronic dysentry is hardly the ideal worker. And yet, Government-supervised food stalis do little towards preventing such diseases. On the contrary, they only accelerate them.

Daily, thousands of working people travel on local trains These are the people who are naturally the most dependent on these food stalls. Returning home after a day's work, with dinner still to be cooked, a light snack for the journey or a cup of tea before boarding the train is most welcome. Isn't it therefore the moral duty of the Railway authorities to see to it that the caterers who run these stalls do so on hygienic lines and that the food sold by them is wholesome and clean? One look at the long, black nails of the caterers, at the dirty rags used for wiping the dishes, at the stained tea-cups and the cloudy "drinking" water will tell you that the Railway authorities' duty ends with allotting the stalls to private contractors.

I must, however, grant that Churchgate station (a main starting point in Bombay city) is an exception. The drinking water here is served in glasses that are disinfected, the food is kept covered and the prices are reasonable. This only goes to prove that hygiene is not an impossible phenomenon. So, why can't the foodstalls at other stations be run along similar lines?

Very angry and indignant at the injustice done daily to thousands of working people (who have enough problems as it is and can well do without worms and dysentry), I attacked a high-ranking railway official from the catering department.

At first he proclaimed that Indians build up immunity in this way. "Is that why the majority of them look so shrivelled and dried up?" I asked.

He then conceded that apart from the stalls run directly by the railway authorities, the others are far from satisfactory.

"Why don't you then maintain a strict supervision over them?" I asked.

He explained his problems. And they were not very different from those one faces in every Government organisation that is large and unwieldy, and where there is not much coordination between the different departments.

"There are supervisors," he explained, "but, apart from the fact that they are slack, they face other problems." According to him, if a supervisor were to be honest and lodge a complaint against a particular contractor, it would be said about him that "the contractor did not grease his palms."

"But since almost all the stalls need drastic action taken against them, why can't you warn all of them?" I enquired.

This is where the unwieldy Government machinery proves to be an obstacle. The official I spoke to is not directly in contact with the supervisors. He sends out orders which are executed by others. The responsibility thus passes on and finally no one person is held responsible. So, passengers continue to suffer the risk of getting gastric disorders.

Even if this official decided to put his foot down and penalise inefficiency, he would have to face the wrath of the various unions which protect these workers.

So he satisfies himself with seeing to it that the food stalls directly under him are run as hygienically as possible. He says that though the food at Churchgate may not be very tasty, it is wholesome, clean and cheap. A "dosa" that costs one rupee just across the road costs only 60 paise here. Besides, all the raw materials they use are pretested. "How are the plastic coffee cups re-used?" I asked. He replied that apart from being washed with soap and water, they are sterilized.

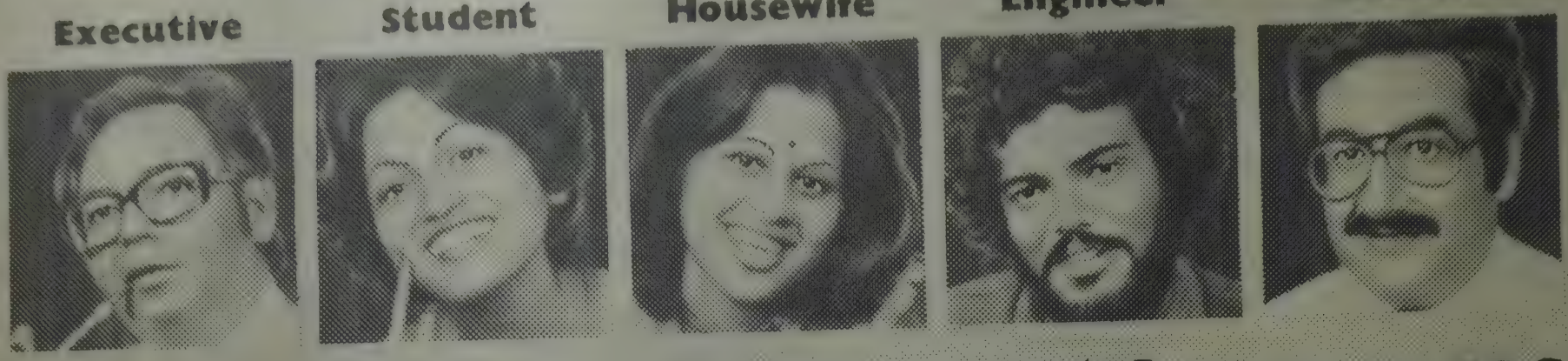
All this sounded very satisfying and encouraging, but I was still bothered about the other stations. I was sure that something could be done to ensure that the fingernails of catering staff were kept short and clean, to provide filtered water (after all there are so many simple tap filters available in the market these days), to see that the food is kept out of the reach of flies, and to maintain basic standards of general cleanliness. Surely, in the 20th century, such standards are not impossible and unheard-of things.

"What then is the solution to this apparently insoluble problem? Who can take action against this deplorable situation?" I demanded.

"The public," he replied. "They must protest. Every caterer has a complaints book. Each time an educated passenger is dissatisfied, he must file a complaint. Passengers' complaints have more force."

This made sense. A caterer cannot level a charge of corruption against a passenger. If, out of the thousands of passengers, even ten filed complaints daily, the complaints books would soon contain enough proof for the caterers' contracts to be terminated. One terminated contract would shake the complacency out of the others. There is a complaints book at Churchgate also. Those who can spare a few moments would do well to enter their complaints in this book too. If the general belief is that complaints of this nature have no effect, I would like to assure the passengers that this is not always the case. The Station Master at Churchgate, to cite one example, has often taken immediate action and rectified matters. A little determination is all that is necessary.

It is time Indians learnt not to accept whatever is doled out to them. It is lethargy on our part that encourages corruption and a general lowering of standards. An orderly, non-violent and at the same time LOUD protest from consumers and customers would go a long way in improving the quality of the goods and services which they pay for.

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# SANJAY KHAN:

## "TIPU" AFTER "ABDULLAH"

**Vijaya Irani**

I visited Sanjay on the sets of his current film, "Abdullah," perhaps his most ambitious project to date. He had grown a beard and was dressed like, a Sheikh — looking very authentic too — and he had a beautiful, exotic-looking Sheikhaa beside him, none other than Zeenat Aman. It was an emotional scene, and one could see that Sanjay's talents as an actor and a director were being pushed to the limit.

But his natural buoyancy kept Sanjay from exploding. He seems to be a very pati-

***Busy with his "Abdullah," Sanjay has plans ready for the filming of Bhagwan Gidwani's best-seller, "The Sword of Tipu Sultan"***

ent man — he plans in advance, organises them on paper, gets them implemented with precision. "Abdullah," he told me, and Zeenat confirmed, is his first real thing. He practically breathes the subject. Totally involved and dedicated is how Zeenat describes him.

He told me briefly what "Abdullah" was about. "It is a story of humanism. Set in the desert, it shatters the parochial norms laid down by religious fanatics. Its message rouses the heart and, like the stirrings of love, infuses itself gently into the whole being. It has none of the irrational filmic drama in it, but there is power in the human drama that it unfolds! Yes, it is a big film — it's in 70 mm., stars Raj Kapoor, Sanjeev Kumar, Zeenat and myself and introduces a boy of five I have discovered, who plays a Hindu child, Krishna, whom Abdullah, the Muslim, brings up."

I met the little wonder artiste who can turn on tears or a cascade of giggles at the snap of a finger.

"Where did you meet him?" I asked Sanjay.

"Arre, we met in our last birth," he said mysteriously, and looked with fondness at the boy, Rajeev Bhatia.

Later, I met Sanjay for a very long and relaxed chat at his villa overlooking the sea. This meeting was brought on by an endless barrage of queries and letters at the Eve's Weekly office regarding the filming of a current Indian best-seller, "The Sword of Tipu Sultan," written by Bhagwan S. Gidwani, the rights to which Sanjay has bought.

Still sporting the full beard, which takes some getting used to, especially on him, Sanjay said that ever since he announced the filming of the book, which has become a rage and a total sell-out in its third hardcover edition within a short time of its release, he has also been flooded with enquiries and requests. He then told me how the affair started.

"From the very title, 'The Sword of Tipu Sultan,' my interest was aroused," began Sanjay. "What made it more intriguing was the name of the author. In all my reading of history at school, the impression I had of the famous Tipu was of a cruel, heartless monarch.

"But Mr. Gidwani's book, which makes for immensely pleasurable reading because of the lucid, simple style in which he has written it, has opened up an entirely new dimension to the character of the well-known king. It unfolds unknown or little known facts about Tipu Sultan, in a very interesting style resembling that of fiction Of course, Mr. Gidwani has had years of serious research into and unearthing of documents about the historical impact of this particular king. It began when he (the author) was in London, at the British Museum. A fellow student, a Frenchman, aroused his interest in this particular monarch who, according to him, was the only Indian king who actually died on a battle field. According to documents, all the others had either surrendered or fled the field!"

A simple spark like this was ignited into a raging fire of interest and sparked off Sanjay's ambition to make the film. A huge, big-budget project, with both Indian and international stars and technicians and a foreign banner of repute, will be employed to make this wide-canvas venture into a reality on the screen.

Photograph : Madhur Mittal

CHAITRA-G-12-REV

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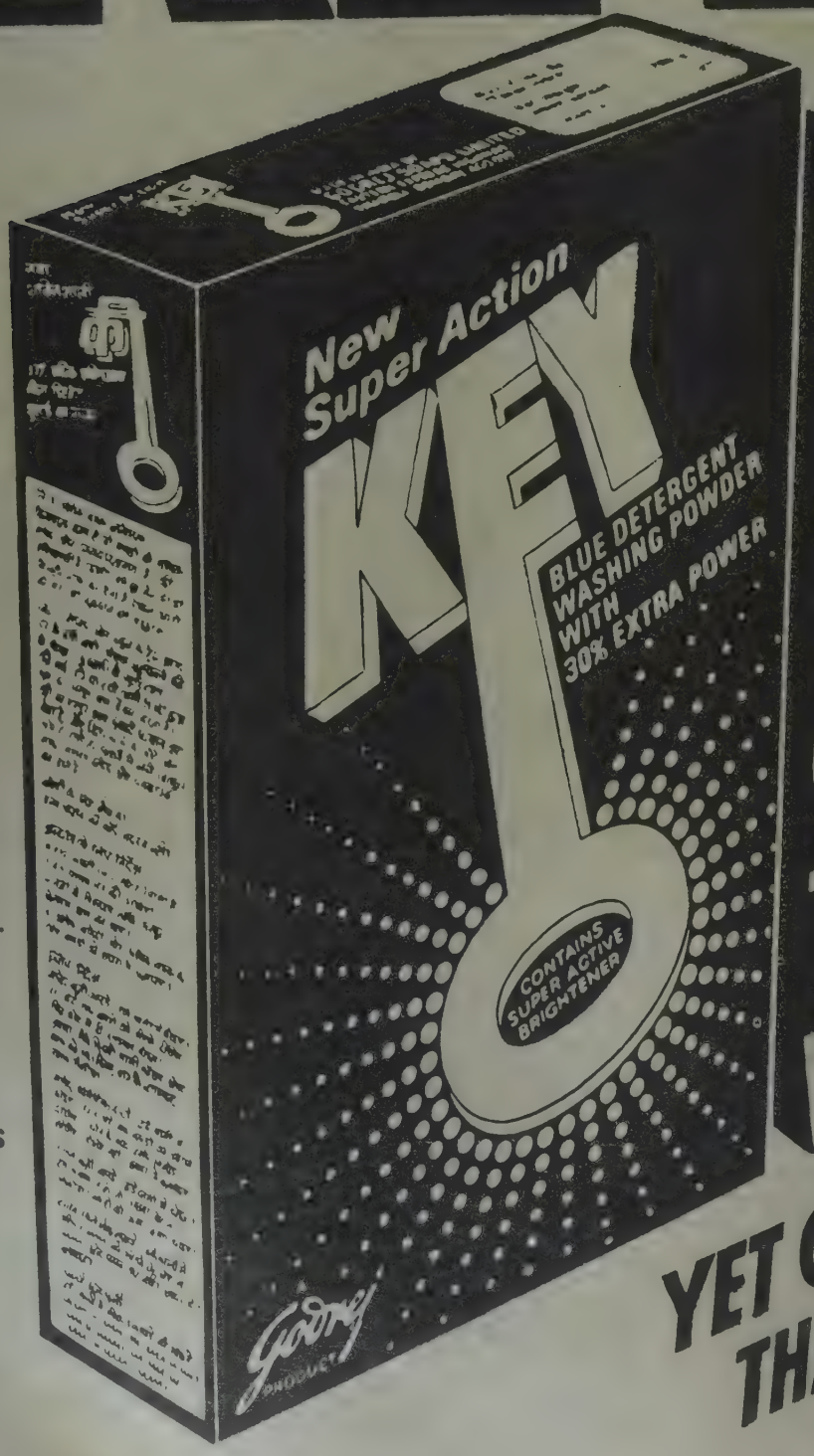


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eve today

# two women M.L.A. s from BOMBAY

***These two women have won their place in the political life of the State by dint of their social service and their courageous stand for freedom and justice***

**Asha N. Vora**

**KAMAL DESAI**

**JAYAWANTIBEN MEHTA**

From among the eight women who contested the Maharashtra State Assembly elections this February, two have been accepted by the electorate. Both belong to the Janata Party — Mrs. Kamal Desai from the Malad constituency, and Mrs. Jayawantiben Mehta from the Opera House constituency.

These two women have some things in common. Both were victims of the Emergency, both won the elections on the Janata party ticket, both have been associated with the anti-price-rise movement, both have been active members of the Bombay Municipal Corporation and both have achieved popularity by their fearless fight against any kind of injustice.

Mrs. Kamal Desai won the Assembly election with a margin of 32,736 votes from the Malad constituency.

Often referred to as Chhabutai by her admirers, Mrs. Desai won popular affection by her work in the anti-price-rise movement along with stalwarts like Mrinal Gore and Anilya Rangnekar. She underwent imprisonment several times for organizing the Samyukta Maharashtra Movement, the Delhi Morcha, the Kutch Satyagraha and during the Emergency.

A corporator since 1973, Mrs. Kamal Desai is a popular leader in Malad where she has concentrated on slum welfare work - providing slum dwellers with better water and sanitary facilities. Tai is often called upon to settle family disputes and has patched up many a broken family.

Mrs. Desai is a handicrafts teacher in a suburban school. During her 17-month imprisonment during the Emergency, she utilized her time in jail to teach handicrafts to her fellow women prisoners. From several handicraft exhibitions organized by her she has donated an amount of Rs. 4,000 to schools.

As a teacher herself, Mrs. Desai feels keenly concerned about the teachers' lot. They are the moulders of the nation's future citizens, but their status and income are utterly deplorable. So she is constantly trying to secure a better deal for them.

The introduction of the new education system (10 + 2 + 3) created a lot of problems for students last year. Many students who could not get admission to colleges for standard XI approached Mrs. Desai. She took up their cause with the Education Minister, demanding an increase of classes in certain suburban colleges and succeeded in her attempt.

In her varied spheres of work, Mrs. Desai is a committee member in a number of educational institutions, she is secretary of the anti-price-rise movement and the Janata Woman's Front. She is also on the committee of the Children's Aid Society.

Like most of her colleagues, Mrs. Desai feels the government should take a quick decision on the charges against Mrs. Gandhi. It was the wrong approach of the Janata party in Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka which gave such a thumping majority to Congress (I), Mrs. Desai feels.

Kamaltai feels strongly about removing the corruption which has been rampant for the last thirty years at all levels. She feels the first step in this direction should be an increase in the emoluments of low paid government employees. Even after being offered higher salaries, if they still indulge in corrupt practices, they should be severely punished, suggested Mrs. Desai.

The Janata Party Women's Front will set up area-wise vigilance committees which will expose cases of food and drug adulteration, check the price lists at shops and try to prevent policemen taking bribes.

Personally, Mrs. Desai believes in Prohibition and also plans to campaign for it in slum areas. She also intends to work for family planning.

**JAYAWANTIBEN MEHTA**

Mrs. Jayawantiben Mehta comes from a typical Gujarati Vaishnav family, from a social class that usually does not permit women to take part in activities outside the home. Her husband, Mr. Navinchandra Mehta, a purchasing officer in an engineering firm, who has been associated with the Jana Sangh and the RSS, brought her into the political field. Initially, Jayawantiben would only attend party meetings. But at the time of the Parliamentary elections in 1962, her home in the Bhuleshwar area became a centre of political activity. Party workers used to meet, discuss and chalk out their programmes at her home. Mrs. Mehta thus became involved in political work. She made her first public speech in 1962. In the same year she became vice-president of the Bombay branch of the Jana Sangh.

She was the woman in her locality who bothered to look into the problems of that tensely populated area. Jayawantiben successfully fought against short supply of milk and kerosene and the injustices of rationing in 1967. She was arrested for breaking the State law by bringing and selling in the city food grains from outside Bombay.

In 1968 Jayawantiben contested the municipal corporation election and won by a margin of only 170 votes. She was re-elected as a councillor in 1973 by a margin of 9,500 votes. Since then she has never looked back except in 1972, when she was defeated in the Assembly elections. Recalling those days she said, "Even though '72 was a period of the Indira wave, I was able to secure 24,000 votes."

A good speaker, Jayawantiben is equally fluent in Marathi, Hindi and Gujarati. She has established a good rapport with her voters. I have seen women affectionately inviting her to poojas arranged to pray for her success at the hustings. In the last Assembly elections, in a tough fight against Shiv Sena's Pramod Navalkar, she defeated her rival by 26,857 votes. About the sweep of Congress (I) in Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh, Mrs. Mehta said that the Janata party's work in those two states was not up to the mark but, she pointed out compared to the Lok Sabha elections they had improved their position.

About the Janata party's future she, says that the party needs to be more organised and strenghtened. Mrs. Mehta feels the Government should have dealt with the cases against Mrs. Indira Gandhi in a more straight-forward manner instead of appointing time consuming commissions of inquiry.

As a dedicated opposition party member, Jayawantiben will continue her work in the anti-price-rise movement.

Mrs. Mehta has one daughter and a son.

# SECRETS OF

**The Indian woman is as fashion conscious, if not more, as her Western counterpart. Printed fabrics have always been a speciality of India, and the dyer of India has always expressed the Indian woman's love for colours, its harmonies and its contrasts.**
**Among the various printing processes, block printing is said to be most economical. It gives**

Panra Dossa of Bombay has an exclusive, original style of working. With her strong vision for colours, simplicity and harmony in design and distribution of colours, she has reached the top in Bombay's market of block printed fabrics. She believes in visualizing her colours first, followed by the needed technique and finally the design and selection of the fabric. The chosen fabric is first tested with the given colour combinations. As Panra says, colours tend to look different on different materials and textures. Her designs are original, they have the traditional Indian touch and she combines them into half dyeing and half printing, and she also is not trammelled by repeated designs. Interested in painting, embroidery and textile designing from an early age, she took up block printing side by side. Her beautiful creations are on display at her boutique, "Kalindi".

**1. Red border and pallav are printed in yellow and green khari. The diagonal stripes are printed in matching red and yellow.**

**2. The complete background is tied-up and the borders and pallav edge dyed in red.**

2

3

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

**3. The diagonal stripes are covered with paper and the complete background is sprinkled lightly in green by a small hand pump.**

# BLOCK PRINTING

**the designer a wide scope for designing and the dyer liberty to mix and match colours. Here, we have two ambitious women who are well known in this field of printing. Both have shown us here their individual style of working, but the basic methods followed is the same. They have made considerable efforts to keep up this traditional art of printing and dyeing.**

Anita Desai of Delhi has also proved to be a success in block printing. With much hope and ambition, she started her printing workshop in a small shed with just one working table. Today, with her great talent, effort and creative mind she is responsible for the Sophistication Boutique. She believes in constructing her own designs which are then handed over to the chief designer-cum-development manager who after working the idea in terms of fabric and colour, hands it over to the chief dye mixer. He is in charge of colour matching and production. The patterns are then explained to the head printer who gives it out to the workers. Her designs comprise traditional prints from Rajasthan and Farrukkabad, all in hand block printing. Today, Sophistication is a well known boutique for exclusive hand block printing, be it silk sarees, mull scarves or Tantric wall hangings.

Photographs : Harbans Mody

**4. Workers in the midst of final printing after the complete pattern is explained to the head printer.**

**5. The chief dye mixer mixes colours to a correct colour density.**

**6. The complete design in print.**

# WOMEN OF AUSTRIA: de jure and de facto equality

***The guarantee of equality of the sexes is not a forgotten clause of Austria's constitution. The equality is real***

**Elinor Mirza**

One of the most impressive monuments in Vienna shows Empress Maria Theresa on her throne surrounded by her Field Marshals and statesmen on horseback. The glamour, greatness and generosity of this unique woman who ruled the Hapsburg empire from 1740 to 1780 still permeates the whole of Vienna: many places of importance and beauty are linked with Maria Theresa who governed from Vienna's lovely baroque Schoenbrunn Castle. She gave birth to sixteen children, was a loving wife and mother and single-handedly steered the country through a difficult period in its history with determination, skill, a strong heart and gentleness.

Due to her initiative and perseverance Maria Theresa secured the crown of the Holy Roman Empire for her beloved husband Frenz Stephan. She introduced vital administrative reforms in the civil service and the army (Austria's Military Academy still bears her name), established the elementary school system for her subjects, built Vienna's first big public hospital, called "Allgemeines Krankenhaus", which is still functioning. The present-day highbrow institute "Theresianum", from where Austria's diplomats usually emerge, dates back to her time. Maria Theresa was also a lover of good fun and entertainment, enjoyed dances and horse ballets in Vienna's Spanish Riding School, and instituted the renowned Burgtheater, one of the foremost stages in the German theatre world of today.

During Maria Theresa's reign Austria established a link with India: her Ambassador was accredited at the Court of the Peshwa in Pune. And in due time her face became familiar in this part of the world — as depicted on the Maria Theresia taler (currency coin) which was used as unofficial currency in the countries bordering the Indian Ocean. Even now, two hundred years after her death, Maria Theresa is Viennese womanhood's proudest and most endearing example.

The Federal State of Austria has become a small country after the break-up of the Hapsburg Empire in 1918. Situated in the heart of Europe, it has 7.5 million inhabitants. Women account for about 52 per cent of the population. Almost one million women are employed and in recent years a marked increase in the number of women earning salaries rather than wages has taken place, the percentage rising from 39.7 per cent to 43.6 per cent.

Austria's constitution provides in theory for the strict equality of the sexes: there is equality in matters concerning the household and education of the children. By the way, the "lord of the house" can no longer prevent his wife from working and both husband and wife share equal responsibilities for the upkeep of the family. Women are assured equality in public life. Thus an ever increasing number of women are active in politics: out of 183 seats in the "Nationalrat" (the Lok Sabha of Austria) 15 seats are held by women. Women also hold Cabinet positions, such as the outspoken Minister for Research, Dr. Hertha Firnberg, and the Minister for Health, Dr. Ingrid Leodolter. Not to forget Vienna's deputy Mayor Gertrude Frohlich-Sandner. All three women are members of the ruling Socialist Party of Austria.

Women's role in shaping Austrian public life may become more prominent in the near future: in the field of education the percentage of women studying at institutions of higher learning has increased considerably. This year (1977) girl students account for 42 per cent (formerly 15 to 20 per cent) at universities and 51.8 per cent(!) in the first year of the higher secondary schools. Thus this year for the first time in the country's history the percentage of girl students is higher than that of male students in a branch of secondary education.

Austria's welfare services aim especially at the welfare of women, above all of mothers and their children. Recently, the Government has introduced a birth contribution allowance to ensure the wellbeing of mother and child and to secure medical check-ups and treatment as well as early detection of diseases potentially afflicting the child's future development. It is evaluated that this new system of a "mother-child-health passport" has reduced infant mortality in Austria by 30 per cent.

The United Nations "Woman's Year" has found considerable resonance in the Austrian news media. In August 1977 the Institute for Publicity and Communication Theory at Salzburg University published an evaluation of the material projected on this topic. To begin with, it was stated that Austrian women are underrepresented in the Austrian publishing world: they account for only one-fourth of the editorial staff and occupy the lower rungs of the ladder. No Austrian daily has a female editor-in-chief, and in fields such as politics, economics and sports, women reporters are not found. Their absence is explained away by saying that "Women are not made for such a job."

From 600 sample publications, the majority praised the "Woman's Year 1975" as necessary and meaningful. Austrian papers reported on the situation of women in family, society, politics and work; the topic "Emancipation before the law" got wide coverage. However, it is interesting to note that the position of female labourers has been treated in a rather stepmotherly way.

though this group constitutes the majority of employed women in Austria. Equality in jobs and removal of discrimination such as lower wages and reduced chances for better professional prospects have been postulated. Regarding the domestic sphere, i.e. women as housewives and marriage partners, most of the authors plead for a continuation of the "status quo," which is understandable only from a man's point of view.

The evaluation of women's role on TV has shown that the TV woman does not correspond to reality: she is mainly depicted as a passive though beautiful decoration in a male dominated world, exclusively geared to love, marriage and home life. A strong plea has been made to discontinue the "dumb-blonde" image (especially for advertisement purposes) on TV and show women as full-fledged partners in the world of today. Besides the parental home and the school, the mass media, and especially television, play a vital role in shaping the image of the male and female viewer of their own position and possibilities in life.

However, credit has to be given where credit is due. Thus the mass media project a perfect picture of women and their dominating role in Austrian sports. Winter sports successes are mainly due to them. Mention may be made of Trixi Schuba, ice- skating champion and gold medal winner at the Winter Olympics Sapporo and the star of the Austrian alpine skiing team Annemarie Moser-Proll, who has won the world cup several times. Also Austria's women athletes have been successful in recent seasons, e.g. Ilona Gusenbauer held the world high-jump record prior to the Munich Olympics.

It would surprise anyone new to the Austrian scene that personalities of a bygone era are still remembered and are part and parcel of everyday life. Vienna, once the centre of a large multinational empire embracing a variety of cultures (German, Hungarian, Slavic, Italian), was the fertile soil for the emergence of amazing women:

The salon of Karoline Pichler, a generous hostess and tolerable authoress, was the meeting place of the leading personalities in the Vienna of the early nineteenth century. Later on, Pauline Metternich, the witty though not beautiful aristocrat of Vienna's inner circle, gathered the city's and the Empire's leading minds for her soirees, where thoughts and decisons of great importance were born. The stirrings of a deep sense of social responsibility became evident in the works of Austria's Marie Ebner-Eschenbach, one of the finest prose writers at the turn of the century.

There have always been the female stars of the theatre who fascinated not only their own countrymen but people throughout the world, such as the famous Viennese dancer Fanny Elssler, operetta star Marie Geistinger, opera singer Maria Jeritza. Special mention should be made of the renowned Burgtheater actress Katharina Schratt, the constant companion of Emperor Franz Joseph, during whose reign in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries (upto 1916) Austria, and especially Vienna, reached the pinnacle of imperial glory. This lady wielded no little influence.

Quite on another plane, we encounter the astute business women Anna Sacher and Anna Demel, who have become synonymous with the excellent reputation of Viennese confectionery all all over the world. Anna Sacher, the cigar-smoking lady of Vienna's "Hotel Sacher", is still invading countries and continents with her delicious "Sacher-Torte".

Austria's Lise Meitner busied herself with formulae of a completely different kind: she was the first scientist to use the term "nuclear fission" and is regarded as one of the leading minds in the field of nuclear physics.

Berta von Suttner started out in midlife to become the woman she is, known all over the world today. Towards the end of the nineteenth century, at a time of fervent nationalism, almost jingoism, she started her campaign for disarmament and the creation of an international court of arbitration. She proclaimed her ideas with great courage, energy, organisational talent and also a certain naivete unmindful of being ridiculed by the establishment. Berta had met Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, in Paris, and they were drawn together in their hatred of warfare and a desire to prevent any new catastrophe.

She joined the International Peace and Arbitration Association in London and with her aristocratic background she promoted her ideas vigorously. Her novel "Lay Down Arms" made her known all over the world. Her work influenced Nobel to such an extent that he decided to establish a Peace Prize among his other prizes donating 35 million Swedish kroner. When Berta von Suttner was presented the Nobel Prize in 1905, Henri Dunant said that it was due to her influence that Nobel had become a promoter of the peace movement. If today the blue-helmeted soldiers of the United Nations hold positions to carry out neutral and peaceful arbitration and politicians attempt to preserve world peace, it should be realized that the beginnings of all such efforts were made by this energetic and devoted woman of Austria. More persons like Berta Suttner are needed in our time.

**The Schoubrunn castle**

# QUIZ

**HEGMAN**

1. "Age cannot wither her" — whom?
2. If you were caught nictitating, with what would you be charged?
3. Which Asian country's name means "Land of the Pure"?
4. How many pairs of people have been found with identical fingerprints?
5. In fiction who created "The Saint"?
6. Which Biblical character symbolised Patience?
7. What relation was Genghis Khan of Kublai Khan?
8. What do the French call the English Channel?
9. Why didn't Beethoven finish the "Unfinished Symphony"?
10. What legendary outlaw led a band of men who lived in Sherwood Forest?
11. Which parallel of latitude divides Canada and the United States?
12. What useful substance do we get from Camellia Sinensis?
13. How many legs does an insect have?
14. Which South American city is dominated by the Sugar Loaf Mountain and a gigantic statue of Christ?
15. Who was the first coloured person to win the singles title at Wimbledon?
16. How does the Flamingo capture its food?
17. Who discovered Penicillin?
18. Who was the wife of King Arthur?

---

**ANSWERS**

1. Cleopatra.
2. Winking.
3. Pakistan.
4. No one yet.
5. Leslie Charteris.
6. Job.
7. Genghis Khan was the grandfather of Kublai Khan.
8. Le Manche.
9. Because it wasn't his. It was Schubert's.
10. Robin Hood.
11. 49th Parallel.
12. Tea.
13. Six.
14. Rio De Janiero.
15. Athlea Gibson.
16. It stirs up the water and strains the organic matter through its specially constructed bill.
17. Alexander Fleming.
18. Guinevere.

It's funtime for children and time to dress them up smartly in dresses and pinafores with pockets and delicately styled pintucks and smart pleats to allow more freedom and grace for this active age. Best in cool, crisp cottons in sunny shades, delicately trimmed with laces and matching cute bonnets, these make the little ones jump with joy and laughter in the playground.

**Dinoo Vacha**

-KetFUL Of FUN

# *Is your hair dull, lifeless? New Halo Tonic Shampoo makes it bounce back to life*

With every passing year your scalp secretes less natural oils. This can lead to problems like dull, limp, lifeless hair.

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Get New Halo Tonic Shampoo and bring your hair back to life.

## *New Halo Tonic Shampoo gives new life and lustre to dull hair*

# ...rageous Decision

***For a woman to decide to carry on her husband's architectural business after his death when she is not herself a trained architect needs a lot of courage, and she had four children to look after, too***

Messrs. Chandavarkar & Thacker is an architects' firm of repute in Bangalore. Although Tara Chandavarkar is not a qualified architect, she has been the main architect behind the establishment of this successful firm in Bangalore, with branches in Hyderabad and Madras.

"Actually, it was the sudden death of my architect husband which brought me into the profession," says Tara. Her young, idealist husband would discuss all his dreams, plans, designs and projects with her. He was so keen on introducing new designs into the garden city of Bangalore that he bravely set up his practice in this city, which was new to him. Within a few years he made a name for his imaginative designing skill and his integrity.

Tragedy struck and he was snatched away in the prime of life. Tara had to make a bold decision, as there were many offers to buy up the firm, and she had four young children between the ages of 7 and 12 (three girls and a boy) to look after.

"I felt I should not sell it but continue in the line so that I could carry on his ideals, his dreams. This was difficult as I was not technically qualified. I knew only a little about the subject the terminology and how he

the family. [illegible] past 15 years, the firm has [illegible] rapid strides in the field of architecture, designing several prestigeous projects.

"I fight shy of publicity. Architects have several codes to follow about publicity. . . my colleague himself teaches at the School of Architecture, telling students about these rules, about integrity, etc. So do not play up my name," was Tara's plea.

Integrity is the keynote of Tara's mode of conducting business. This has helped her to keep her head high in the profession. Several technically qualified persons work for the firm, and she is busy with administration, making contacts, planning work-schedules and arranging finance, etc. "Though I may venture a few suggestions, I have made it a rule not to interfere in the technical aspects. I leave that to the experts."

The firm has been building several industrial buildings and complexes. However, they have been working for some time now on low cost houses, and have [illegible] blueprint ready for [illegible] one of a really low [illegible]

groups, [illegible]

"My children [illegible] greatest source of joy—[illegible] never been any generation gap between us," she affirms. Two of her daughters are married, the youngest daughter is in Oxford qualifying for her Tripos, while her only son is studying at the Delhi School of Architecture.

"They have brought me even more joy than my architectural achievements," says this proud mother, who has raised them so well single-handed, in addition to looking after her heavy career commitments.

A voracious reader, she quoted a stanza, which she has always treasured as a guideline:

"Where there is righteousness in the heart, there is beauty in the character. Where there is beauty in the character, there is harmony in the family home. Where there is harmony in family homes, there is order in the nation. And when there is order in nations [illegible] the world."

Shakuntala Rau

# laughter

* *

"I've decided on a name for the baby," said the expectant mother, "I shall call her Minerva."

The young husband didn't care very much for her selection but, being a tactful fellow, was far too wise to object verbally.

"Fine," he agreed. "That's a beautiful name. The first girl I ever loved was called Minerva, and the mention of the name revives for me happy memories."

There was a brief moment of silence, then: "We'll call her Lucy; I think that's better," said the young wife.

* * *

A Sultan kept his harem three miles from where he lived. Every day he sent his man servant to bring a wife to the palace. The Sultan lived to be 83, but the servant died when he was only 30. The moral of this story is: It's not the women that will kill you, but the running after them.

* * *

He (making the time-worn excuse): "I'm afraid we'll have to stop here; the engine's getting pretty warm."

She: "You men are such hypocrites; you always say the engine."

Gloria: "I hear you have accepted him. Did he happen to mention that he had proposed to me first?"

Gwendolyn: "Not specifically. He did say, however, that he had done a lot of foolish things before he met me."

* * *

"Oh, but she's good to her inferiors," once said a kind lady to Dorothy Parker, to which Miss Parker replied with a puzzled frown: "But where on earth does she find them?"

* * *

Artist: "I'd like to devote my last picture to a charitable purpose."

Critic: "Why not give it to an institution for the blind?"

* * *

"I never said I didn't like her," remarked a woman in a sort of self-defence. "I merely remarked that all the

*

Young bride: "Now, [illegible] what will I get if I cook a dinner like that for you every day this year?'

Young husband: "My life insurance."

* * *

"Everyone in town is talking about the Smith's quarrel," remarked the wife. "Some are taking his part and some are taking hers...'

"And," interrupted the husband, "I suppose a few eccentric individuals are minding their own business."

TEMPERAMENTAL: Ninety per cent temper, ten per cent mental.

* * *

A railroad official at Crewe
Met an engine one day that he knew.
Though he nodded and bowed,
The engine was proud,
And cut him — it cut him in two.

Compiled by: George Fegradoe

# COOKING the Bengali way

Surovi Bhattacharjee

ngalis are great fish and rice eaters, but they include a wide variety of meat, poultry, gs, wheat flour, milk, vegetables and pulses and a generous use of cooking oil in their eparations. Bengali sweets are especially famous, not only in India but abroad too.

small percentage of Bengalis are strict vegetarians and they balance their meals with nty of milk, milk products and fruits.

typical Bengali meal generally starts with rice eaten with vegetables, pulses and fish a meat dish eaten with loochies. A wide range of relishes — pickles, chutneys, curd, oads and raitas — are served as accompaniments.

**DAI MAACH**

½ kg. fish (rahus or hilsa)
½ cup curd
1 sour lime
4 green chillis, sliced
1 tsp. mustard powder
1 small piece, ginger
1 large spoon ghee
2 tsps. cummin seeds
Cummin seed powder
Salt and sugar to taste
1 big cucumber

Clean the fish. If it is rahus or hilsa, cut into required size. If prawns, remove the shell, vein and head. Steam the fish add a few drops of lemon juice and salt. When the fish is tender, remove it from the dekchi, pour

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cold water over it. Wash it and squeeze out the water without breaking the fish pieces. Arrange them in a deep dish.

Strain out the water from the curd. Grind ginger and mustard powder and mix it well with the curd. Add salt and sugar to taste. In a small frying pan, heat ghee, add cummin seeds and fry. When a nice aroma eminates, pour it over the curd. Ladle out the curd over the fish. Put sliced green chillis and sprinkle cummin seed powder to give flavour. Could be served with cucumber, sliced into long pieces.

**CHANDRAPULI**

- **2 medium size coconuts (2 cups after grating)**
- **½ kg. sugar**
- **200 grams khoya (solidified milk) or pedas**
- **4 cardamoms**
- **1 tbsp. raisins**
- **Rose water**

Scrape and clean the coconuts before grating. Grind the grated coconut into a white paste. Crush khoya till finely powdered. Mix the coconut paste and sugar well. Cook over a low fire, stirring the mixture with a wooden spoon to obtain a smooth consistency. Add powdered khoya. When it becomes a lump, which does not stick to the surface of the pan, remove it from the fire. Sprinkle rose water. Take half moon shaped chandrapuli 'chhanch' mould and enough mixture to fill it. After pressing it lightly, take out carefully to prevent breaking. Decorate the chandrapulis with raisins and cardamom seeds.

**MANGSHOR (MEAT) JHOL**

- **½ kg. meat**
- **3 potatoes**
- **1 large onion**
- **1 piece of fresh ginger**
- **tsps. coriander seeds**
- **tsp. cummin seeds**
- **3 red chillis**
- **1 tsp. turmeric powder**
- **3 or 4 bay leaves**
- **1 tsp. garam masala**
- **2 tsps. ghee**
- **Salt to taste**

Cut the meat into medium size pieces. Clean, wash and set aside. Peel the potatoes, and cut into large pieces and fry them. Grind together coriander seeds, cummin seeds, two red chillis and ginger into a fine paste, add turmeric. Put this masala paste in half litre of water and set aside. Slice the onion finely. Heat the ghee, fry the onion sprinkling little water till it becomes a brownish colour, then pour the masala water and meat, add salt to taste. Boil it till the meat is tender. Then put the fried potatoes and add little more water if necessary. Boil it for 5 minutes or so, then remove it from the fire. Heat the ghee in a frying pan put little cummin seeds, bay leaves and red chilli. As soon as these crackle pour it over the meat and cover it. Sprinkle garam masala powder before serving.

**KOI MACH PATURI**

**(Fish baked in leaves)**

- **6 Koi mach (Tilapia) or 6 small Pomfrets**
- **3 tsps. of mustard seeds**
- **1 tsp. turmeric powder**
- **3 or 4 green chillis**
- **1 small piece of fresh ginger**
- **2 tsps. curds**
- **3 big size, banana leaves**
- **1 cup mustard oil**
- **Salt to taste**

Clean the fish thoroughly, rub salt and set aside. Clean and wash the mustard seeds, and grind with turmeric, chillis and ginger. Add the curds, 2/3 tablespoon of mustard oil and salt to taste. Mix the paste well. Cover each fish on both sides with this paste. Cut the banana leaves and wrap each fish. Tie with a string so that the masala paste does not ooze out. Put a tava or shallow frying pan on the stove. Place a tied fish on it, pour little oil slowly round it. When one side is done, turn over and repeat the process till the fish is cooked. Cooking should be done over a low fire. Remove the leaf and serve with rice.

cuckoo lal
Making a sauce is easier if you warm the milk before adding it to the flour and butter because it will blend in more easily.

**SANDESH**

- **2 litres milk**
- **1 cup sour curd**
- **4 tbsps. sugar**
- **Rose water**

Put the milk to boil. When it starts boiling, add the sour curd and stir. When it begins to curdle and clear green liquid separates out remove it from the fire. Tie up the milk in a piece of cloth, put a weight to squeeze out the excess liquid.

Mix the solidified milk well with sugar. Cook it over a low fire stirring the mixture constantly with a wooden spoon, to obtain a smooth consistency. When it becomes a lump, not sticking to the surface of the pan, remove it and sprinkle rose water.

Take a sandesh mould and fill it with enough sandesh mixture. After filling, press it lightly. Invert it and take out carefully, without breaking it.

If sandesh moulds are not available, the prepared mixture could be spread over a "thali". When cool, cut into squares with a knife.

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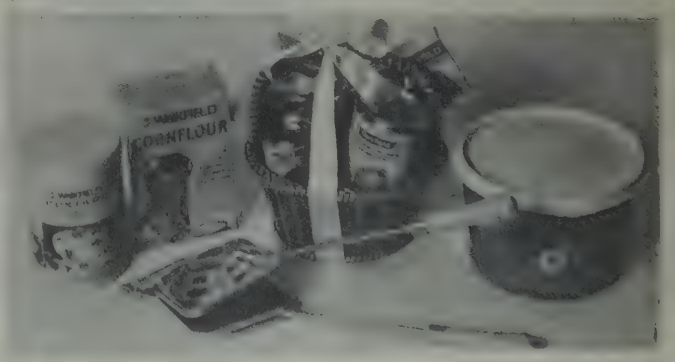


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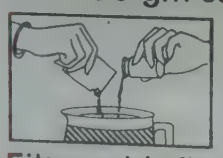

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# recipes from our readers

Miss Ophelia Saldanha, Bombay.

### EGGS ROMAN STYLE

4 eggs
2 slices of bacon or salt pork, chopped
½" ginger, chopped
1 clove garlic, crushed
2 tbsps. olive oil or fat
Salt and pepper to taste
2 cups tomatoes, chopped
1 bay leaf
3 tbsps. cheese, grated
3 mint leaves, chopped
1 onion, chopped

Place bacon or salt pork in saucepan with onion, garlic, ginger, olive oil and half the seasoning, and saute for five minutes. Add tomatoes, cover and cook for 45 minutes. Add bay leaf and cook for another 5 minutes. Beat eggs lightly with a fork and add the rest of the salt and pepper. Divide the beaten eggs into four portions and make four small omelettes into 1-inch strips. Place in the saucepan. Sprinkle grated cheese, add mint leaves and cook for 5 minutes.

Miss Nirmala Deshpande, Bombay.

### BOMBAY DUCK (BOMBIL) BHAJIAS

6 small size fresh Bombay Ducks (bombil)
4 medium size onions, chopped
¼ to ½ cup gram flour
6 cloves garlic, ground
4 green chillis, ground
1" piece ginger, ground
2 small bunches coriander leaves, chopped
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. red chilli powder
Sweet oil
Salt to taste

Boil the Bombay ducks mixed with salt but without water, for about two minutes in a dekchi. Remove the bones when it cools down. Then add chopped onions, ginger, garlic and chilli paste, turmeric and chilli powder, salt and coriander leaves.

Slowly add the gram flour and mix till the mixture is thick enough, to prepare the bhajias (too much addition of gram flour will spoil the original taste of bombil). When the mixture is well blended, make small balls, flatten them with the hand and put them, one by one, into the frying pan with sufficient quantity of oil and fry. When light brown in colour, make them turn over and fry till other side is also brown. Remove and serve hot.

**Note:** To retain the crispness of bhajias, no water should be added to the mixture at any stage.

Miss Scheherazade Wadia, Bombay.

### MAVA CHICKEN

1 chicken, cleaned and jointed
2" piece ginger, minced
4 cloves garlic, ground
120 grams seedless raisins (optional)
¼ kg. khoya
4" piece cinnamons, crushed
4 cloves, crushed
6 cardamoms seeds, crushed
4 large onions, chopped
¼ tsp. salt
2 tbsps. ghee
120 grams almonds, blanched and sliced (optional)
4 hard-boiled eggs (shelled)
1 heaped tsp. nutmeg

Rub chicken pieces with garlic, ginger paste and salt. Fry the onions to a crisp light brown colour. Remove half the onions from the pan and fry chicken pieces in remaining onions till the moisture is absorbed. Add just enough water to cook chicken till tender and half cup gravy remains.

Fry almonds and raisins in a separate pan. Pour out the gravy from the chicken and keep aside. Add the remaining fried onions to the chicken together with the khoya, pour in the gravy and add half the almonds and raisins. Add the crushed masala with nutmeg and put in oven and bake till no gravy remains. Serve the chicken with a layer of remaining almonds and raisins. Halve two of the hard-boiled eggs and arrange in the centre. Slice the other two eggs thinly and place round the dish.

Mrs. Parvin N. Bharthania, Bombay.

### KURMANASH

1 kg. beef, sliced as for steaks
1½" green ginger, chopped
2 green chillis, chopped
2 onions, chopped
1 pint water
120 grams ghee, butter or mustard oil
1 tbsp. vinegar
½ tsp. salt

Mix ginger, chillis, onions and salt. Place a layer of this mixture on each slice of beef. Put the water, fat, vinegar, and beef into a thick dekchi. Put a tight fitting lid on the dekchi and bring to a boil. Simmer till the water has evaporated. Stir the meat gently and fry for five minutes. Then turn out into a dish. There should be no gravy.

## 1 weekly winner

Rani Chopra of Bombay, wins Rs. 50, for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

### EGG-CHICKEN ROLLS

2 tbsps. butter
2 tbsps. flour
Salt and pepper to taste
½ cup milk
4 tbsps. chicken stock
3 hard-boiled eggs, grated
200 grams cold chicken, minced
1 egg yolk
1-2 tsps. lemon juice
1 egg, beaten
White bread crumbs
Oil for deep frying

Melt the butter, add the flour, salt and pepper and stir for about 3 minutes over a low heat without browning. Stir in the milk and chicken stock, a little at a time, stir until it boils. Add grated eggs, chicken, egg yolk and lemon juice to taste. Turn on to a wet plate, spread into a flat circle and leave until firm. Cut into 8-10 equal sized pieces. Shape into rolls. Brush each with beaten egg and roll evenly in breadcrumbs. Fry in deep oil until golden brown. Drain on paper

### ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

**Each recipe for the weekly and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.**

**Each entry should be accompanied by an adequately stamped envelop if you wish to have your recipe and photograph back, if rejected.**

**Address your entry to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Bombay Samachar Marg, Fort, Bombay-400 023**

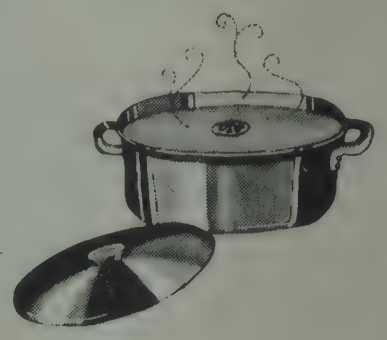
**SUNDAY**

Kheema Pulao

**MONDAY**

Kheema Peas

**TUESDAY**



Mutton Kurma

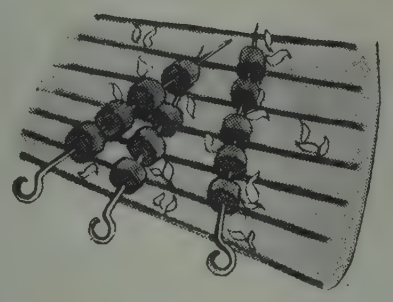
**WEDNESDAY**

Biryani

**THURSDAY**

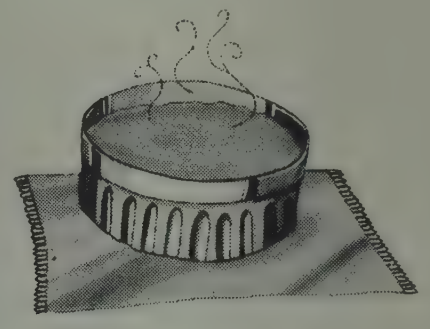
Roghan Josh

**FRIDAY**



Kababs

**SATURDAY**



Mutton Palak

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# AIR MARSHAL P. C. LAL AND MRS. LAL
## not a burden, but a challenge

The first common Chairman for Air-India and Indian Airlines, one fancied, would be a cinder-eyed, grim-faced man of iron, considering the responsibilities he has to shoulder. But the man who greeted me with a smile and called to his wife in a gentle voice was utterly different from this awesome image.

One can imagine Mrs. Lal organising things, dealing with difficult situations, comforting bereaved wives, raising funds for the welfare of families, giving practical, down-to-earth help with their schools and the education of their children, playing the hostess graciously, and also being a successful housewife, bringing up her children without the tensions so many women display these days. But she kept smiling and saying "You must ask my husband the questions. I haven't done anything earth-shaking."

It was at this point of modest denial that the Air Marshal took over. He said, "My wife was the one who started, organized and got going a new welfare scheme —the Indian Airlines Wives' Association. Before that there was nothing on a systematic basis. She and her colleagues formed it into a unified organisation."

Mrs. Lal reminiscently added, "Yes, the service wives took up the work in a systematic manner, dealing with bereavements, illnesses, children's education and health. They helped out in schools in out of the way stations." She stopped, and her clear eyes again glowed with remembrance. "You know," she continued after a pause, "some of these wives have even helped to put up the huts with their own hands in these remote places." Then she looked humorously at her husband and added, "Not only that, but our organizing this Association boosted the morale of the women, and if their menfolk were frightened of complaining about the lack of educational or health facilities for the children, it was they who spoke up."

She told me about Dirjan, for example, where the wives worked as a team to better living conditions. The service families have been tremendously helped by the group organised by Mrs. Lal. The unusual thing about her is that she sees beyond conventional set-ups. This is true of both of them; for they are a couple whose communication with each other is perfect. This maturity of outlook, this background of breeding, this identity of minds and ideals, are neither easy to find, nor easy to forget.

Mrs. Lal spoke enthusiastically about the women who laboured so hard. "You know, all the work these women put in, they did without any hope of recognition. The men are decorated for gallantry, for devotion to duty but these women? They have worked without hope of reward, just doing what they feel needs to be done. The fruits of this labour are tangible and many. The Fund Raising Committee raised enough to found a Trust Fund. Mentally retarded children are helped by them. In the Housing Colony of the Indian Airlines in Delhi, children from surrounding areas too come for education. The airfield schools are sought often by the people outside the service because of their excellence."

About his new and difficult appointment, Air Marshal Lal says, "No, it's not going to be a burden, it's going to be a challenge."

They have two children — a boy who is an architect specialising in airport designing and a married daughter who is a vibrant younger edition of her mother.

**Tapati Mookerji**

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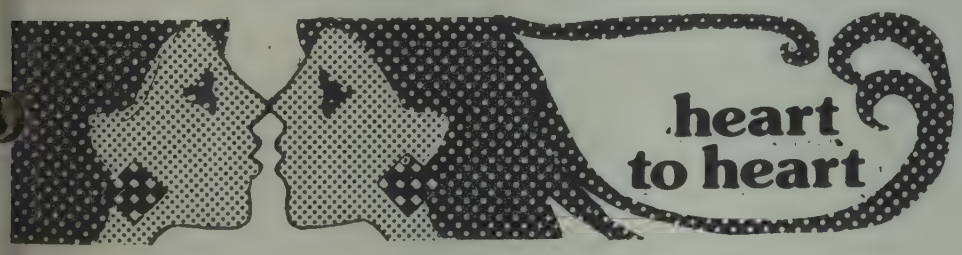


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# FORGET THE PAST

**THINK POSITIVELY**

**I have been married for three years and have a daughter. Ours is a happy family. But when I am on tour, this thought about my wife not being a virgin at the time of marriage starts troubling me. The uneasiness took an alarming turn recently when I found myself sexually not the same. I was posted to a non-family station and was so miserable that I could not concentrate on anything. When I mentioned my uneasiness about her chastity during my long absence, she flared up saying she wasn't that type of girl. I genuinely want to keep my family life happy, and don't want it to disintegrate due to something which cannot be helped now.**

So long as both of you love each other deeply and she is faithful to you, you should not rake up the past and upset the happy atmosphere of the home. Give her the benefit of the doubt. Your feelings on this score may not be true and there is no need to get into unnecessary arguments. Keep yourself fully occupied.

Don't let your sex life deteriorate either — it is the basis of a happy life. The children are involved too, so there is no reason to think negatively.

**GIVE HER A CHANCE**

**About two weeks ago I received an anonymous phone call from someone saying that my wife was in a hotel with some man. I did not believe this as I knew she was at a party with her friends. I went to the hotel and after waiting for two hours, I saw a man and woman leave the hotel and get into a car. I followed them — the woman got out of the car and proceeded to our house. I entered the house and told her I knew where she had been and that I wanted a divorce. I don't talk to her now and I am trying to find an amicable solution**

**Ever since that day she has been asking me what I have decided, and tells me that she loves me. She said that she lost her head and could not resist this man whom she had met at a party. My wife doesn't want a divorce and says I could have my freedom and live a liberated married life. I was shocked.**

It is important you warn your wife about her doings. Be very firm with her from the start and tell her you do not want a liberated marriage, but a committed partner as a wife.

If you are lax with her now, she will take the upper hand and continue in this manner and it will be very difficult, when there are children, to have a disciplined life and make a good home. So control her now. If she wants to lead a life of fun, freedom and frolic, and be lured by all types of men she meets, then tell her that in the interests of both it is better to divorce now before there are any children.

Give her one more chance after talking to her seriously on this issue and give her time to think too. If she continues to waver and is dicontented, then you need to give it serious thought, and decide what is best for you and her

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# THE RAILWAY BUDGET

## the best in years, but...

K. S. Rao

***The improvements proposed by Mr. Dandavate are impressive, but will they work?***

Going through Mr. Madhu Dandavate's Railway Budget, one can only say that, like the curate's egg, it is good in parts. Like everything else in this imperfect world, it could have been better even within his financial limitations. But even his worst critic has to admit that Mr. Dandavate has given the common man a better deal than he has had in several years.

To take the positive aspects first, Mr. Dandavate deserves the biggest bouquet for not increasing the fares and freight rates and thus sparing the annual need for us to tighten our belts another notch. In addition to this, Mr. Dandavate has promised several important amenities, some fare concessions and, despite these, shown a handsome surplus of Rs. 65.43 crores for 1978-79.

The public as consumers can look forward to many benefits from Mr. Dandavate's budget. Most importantly, the second class passengers will have more seats and faster trains. After all, the biggest problem facing the traveller by the second class is, firstly to get into a compartment, then to find a seat and, having started, to end the discomfort of travel as fast as possible by reaching his destination in the fewest hours.

Long distance trains will have 200 to 300 more seats and air-conditioned coaches with 46 berths will replace two first class coaches in these trains. Then it is proposed to change over from metre gauge to broad gauge trains in important sections. The work undertaken to lay down new lines, especially the Konkan railway, which will serve an area so rich in natural resources and so poor in communication facilities, will serve the people who are now without this important transport facility.

Next we have the decision of the Railway Minister to have cushioned seats and berths in all long-distance trains. This should certainly be welcome to all those who now squirm on the hard seats during a long journey from Bombay to Calcutta or from Delhi to Madras.

Apart from these major improvements, passengers will now get more toilets on trains, drinking water, food packets at Re. 1 each — providing three varieties of food to suit regional tastes — and better arrangements for cleaning compartments.

All these certainly amount to a very attractive package of amenities calculated to make the second class passenger's journey a near picnic. But there is an if — a big IF. Like all administrative decisions, Mr. Dandavate's good intentions have to be carried out by the railway employees, and the usual inefficiency and corruption may leave the passengers as badly off as before. And this is where we reach for the brickbats.

Experience warns us that the food in the packets may be tasteless, badly cooked, even maggoty, the taps supposed to supply drinking water may cease to function just a month after installation, the fans may prove purely decorative, and the extra sweepers may be only an addition to the already overloaded pay roll. So, unless Mr. Dandavate gets down to the basic job of eliminating corruption and inefficiency, which are both ancient and endemic in the Railways, all the long list of improvements will be the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. And this is precisely where Mr. Dandavate has been vague if not downright silent.

Then again, the first step in proceeding to enjoy all these promised amenities is getting a reservation. And here corruption is at its most rampant, so much so that it seems beyond human wit to overcome it. Mr. Dandavate proposes to turn to non-humans, computers, to deal with reservations in the four metropolitan cities. Meanwhile, he has thought up a novel idea. The female of the species may be deadlier than the male, but it is also more honest, or so Mr. Dandavate thinks. So women will be put in charge of reservation counters. Apart from welcoming this tardy tribute to female moral superiority, one is not sure how far the harassed passenger is going to benefit by this change. Surely the Railway Minister should have taken a bolder line and insisted on a really effective system of punishment and rewards to eliminate corruption and inefficiency instead of yielding to the temptation to make do with cosmetic efforts. This has been the besetting sin of our Ministers—brave in talk, timid in action, and the consumer continues to be victimised.

Finally, the whole point of buying a reservation with so much difficulty is to reach one's destination, the amenities available being only a secondary consideration. And if sabotage threatens to make railway travelling a hazardous occupation, not all the amenities in the world will give much satisfaction to the maimed or dead passenger. Mr. Dandavate no doubt proposes to spend a sum of one lakh rupees a day for patrolling the tracks and work is being carried on to change over to welded rails as this will eliminate fish plates, the removal of which is the saboteur's chief occupation.

But this again is merely tinkering with a grave problem. We do not have guerilla warfare in the country, at least in those areas where saboteurs have been at work. Sabotage is a political move and therefore centrally planned and directed. Why does not the Railway Minister set the vast police machinery of the country to trace the culprits who are masterminding this dastardly destruction of life and property, and put a swift end to it? Again, lack of political will or benign tolerance of inefficiency.

So, the budget promises much, but how effectively they are translated into reality remains to be seen.


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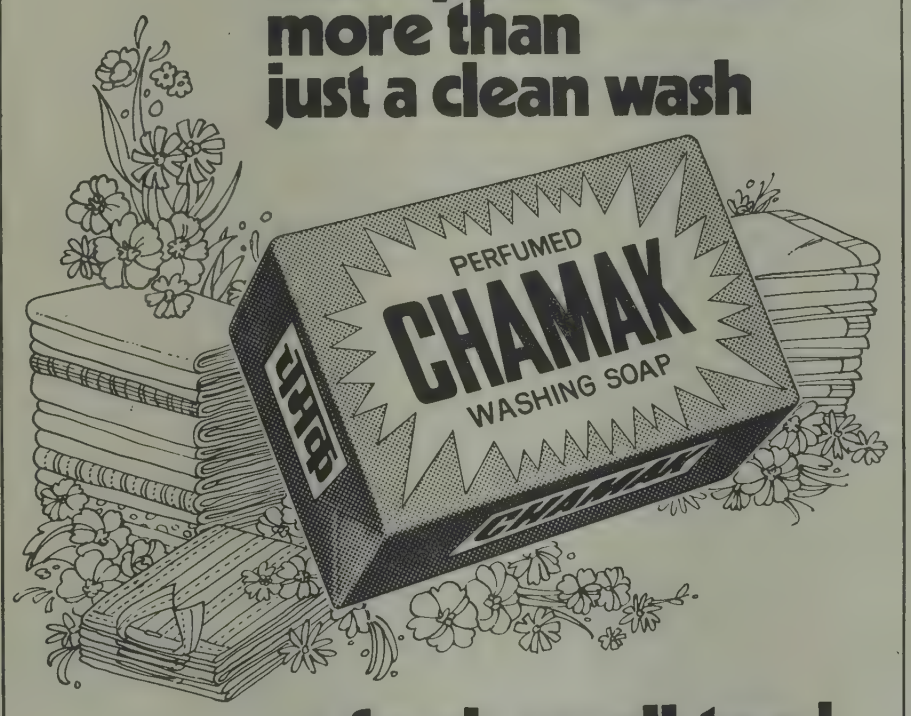


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human interest story

# FIGHT AGAINST DEATH

**Written by Mayah Balse based on the real life experience told to Kamala Kumar**

Lalitha remembered vividly that nightmare when she lost her son. The long wait for news of the school boys who had gone swimming, the anxious pacing, and finally, Ravi's cold and lifeless body lying on the banks of the merciless lake which had claimed him. She tried her best to drive from her ears the wailing of the other woman, whose son Ravi had tried to save. It was a double tragedy. Ravi had been a brilliant lad, studying in the IX standard and faring exceptionally well. Now Lalitha only had a daughter called Rekha on whom she and her husband pinned all their hopes.

At home, Rajan, Lalitha's husband, tried to console his overwrought mother who had witnessed many a tragedy in her eventful life. She had seen her husband and then her son-in-law die one after the other. Her helpless widowed daughter, with her three small children, had sought solace and shelter at her door. Rajan, with characteristic magnanimity had taken them all in. Now they crowded round in his hour of tragedy and tried to help him bear the loss. But he could hardly speak. Tears just flowed from his eyes.

He looked at Lalitha and remembered how he had first met her. Her brother a good friend of his, had first introduced her to Rajan. He had dropped in at the friend's house one day when he was doing his Chartered Accountants' course and had noticed a coy young girl who sat in the hall, but darted away when Rajan came into the room. He had glanced quizzically at his friend and asked him in an undertone who the girl was.

"My sister, Lalitha," he had replied. "She's doing her Intermediate."

"She's very pretty," Rajan had said.

And Lalitha too had liked Rajan at first sight When a marriage was arranged between the two, both Rajan and Lalitha were ecstatically happy.

Those early years were filled with happy events. Perfect marital compatibility and the birth of their two children, Ravi and Rekha, had made their lives near idyllic.

Rajan remembered the gay frolics of his lively son, their shared joys at every milestone of his childhood, the tears when parental remonstration set up barriers against his more dangerous whims.

"I wish we'd given him more happiness," he whispered to Lalitha, for now he remembered more the times when he'd thrashed the boy than those affectionate moments that are treasured between father and son.

Time tempered their sorrow and they surfaced from the tragedy with more resignation than bitterness. But life had much more in store. In 1964, soon after his fortieth birthday, Rajan was climbing the stairs one day when he felt a wrenching pain in his chest. It made him pause for a moment at the landing, but when it passed he found himself covered with a cold sweat. He proceeded, but more slowly, suddenly afraid. When Lalitha saw his ashen face she gasped and asked, "Are you all right?"

"Yes my dear," he replied. "But I fear I am getting old." He gave a laugh, so that Lalitha would not see his anxiety. That night he lay awake for a long time after Lalitha had fallen asleep, wondering if he should get an E.C.G. taken. In the end he decided against it. He did not want to worry the family unduly. They had enough on their minds without his adding any more.

He got his next attack in the office. There were people around and they rushed up frightened. He could hide things no longer and a doctor was called. The result was an enforced period of rest in hospital.

"You better take it easy Rajan," the doctor warned him. "You're driving yourself much too hard."

Rajan laughed and replied, "What else can you expect when you're in business."

***His high intelligence could not hold in check his driving ambition and, ignoring heart attacks, he practically invited disaster***

Rajan had done very well in his professional life. He was head of a well established firm of Chartered Accountants with six branches all over South India. By virtue of his brilliance Rajan was much in demand and he was always in and out on tour keeping pace with the mounting work. Lalitha often tried to persuade him to take it easy. But he couldn't sit idle for long. As soon as he was slightly better, the phone would keep ringing and Rajan was drawn into the hectic world of business.

Work took its toll. Between 1964 to 1974 Rajan had no less than ten heart attacks of varying intensity, known in medical terminology as mild, medium and severe. Instead of discouraging him from his fast paced life, they only buoyed up his confidence. He had heard that a man normally didn't survive more than three such attacks. The very fact that he'd lived through ten, proved that he had a stamina not given to ordinary mortals.

Then he began to involve himself in politics. On Pongal Day, the auspicious harvest time when people cook new rice in milk in open hearths, he was all set to clinch a big political deal. He was very ex

cited about it. He blundered about followed by his worshipful official retinue, hardly conscious of the freshly narvested sugar cane adorning the entrance or the bright rangoli designs on the floor. Lalitha was out visiting friends and relatives because on Pongal Day it is customary for relatives to call on each other exchanging sweetmeats.

Rajan could hardly sit still. He paced about in the hot sun awaiting his colleagues who'd gone to clinch the deal. They returned at 2.30 p.m. with good news. Rajan was so excited he began to ring up his nearest and dearest ones on the telephone to convey the tidings. It was while he was on his third call that he felt the excruciating pain that had become so familiar to him over the past ten years. It was so severe now that he could not keep his grip on the receiver. The room began to swim in front of his eyes and he fell flat on his face over the desk.

There was a flurry of activity to get water, ring for the doctor and convey messages to Lalitha. Between them, his friends lifted Rajan up and carried him to the car. Meanwhile, some others phoned the nursing home to alert the doctor who had treated Rajan all these years. When Lalitha came back, she found an empty house. The whole family had rushed to the nursing home with Rajan. A neighbour informed her of the developments. The messages had not got through to her.

Full of apprehension, she took a taxi to the hospital. She felt terrible for not being with Rajan at the time of crisis. She could hardly wait to set her eyes on him, to be reassured that everything was all right. The fact that he had survived so many previous attacks gave her some hope that he would recover from this one too. But she mumbled prayers ceaselessly all the way. Oh God, let not Rajan die, she cried.

They let her into the intensive care unit where Rajan lay under an oxygen mask. He was not conscious. Her teenaged daughter Rekha came sobbing into her arms and she clutched the girl to herself, more in her own anguish than to console Rekha.

Come out," a nurse whispered to Lalitha. There's nothing you can do here."

Fear clutched at her heart. "He's not dead is he?" she asked.

"No," assured the doctor who had just put a stethoscope to Rajan's chest. "He's alive but in a coma."

"When will he regain consciousness?" she asked like a child.

"Can't say," replied the medical man with a dispassion that came from long experience with disease and death. "Maybe in a few hours, maybe tommorrow."

Outside, Lalitha burst into tears. Her mother-in-law and sister-in-law could do nothing to stem her tears. The children went home with Rajan's sister and mother but Lalitha sat glued to a chair in the waiting room. She wanted to be near him when he opened his eyes. She would never forgive herself if he never set eyes on her again.

As soon as it was dawn, she splashed water on her eyes and tiptoed into the room where Rajan lay. The oxygen mask was still on and he lay just as he had the previous day. She heard a step behind her and turned. It was a new doctor now, not the one she had seen last night. She rushed up to him.

"Tell me," she cried, "is my husband all right?"

He felt his faint pulse and nodded imperceptibly, but it was enough for Lalitha. She went home much lighter in heart than she had been the previous night. If Rajan had survived the night, she was convinced he would pull through this crisis.

Days dragged into weeks and weeks into a month, but still Rajan lay in a coma. He was given intravenous feeding and medicines but he did not emerge from his coma.

During this time Lalitha talked to many doctors to ascertain what chances Rajan had of recovery. She learnt that he had suffered a condition known as "cardio-vascular arrest," in which there was normally partial paralysis even if the patient did regain consciousness. There was a chance too that he would lie in a kind of living death for an indefinite period of time. There was no guarantee either that he would recognise people and surroundings even if he came out of his coma. The future looked bleak indeed, but Lalitha did not give up hope.

During the day she took over the reins of Rajan's office, running the complicated machinery with quiet efficiency. She had worked as an apprentice to him for a short period in the early years of their married life and she put this knowledge to use.

On the 45th day after the ill-starred Pongal afternoon, the phone jangled in the office. Imagining it was some official call, Lalitha picked up the receiver with cool reserve. A calm voice asked if he could speak to Mrs. Rajan. Then she heard the message in a daze. Rajan had regained consciousness. She was so stunned with delight that she could hardly move. She could only shed tears of sheer relief.

When she reached the hospital, she saw huddled doctors at Rajan's door, in earnest consultation. Something was definitely amiss. She approached, full of fear.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Mrs. Rajan," said one of them. 'Today is a historic day in your husband's life. He has regained consciousness after all these days of tension, but we must warn you there are complications."

"What are they?" she asked in a taut whisper. They made her sit down and told her Rajan was bleeding from the rectum and they could not ascertain the cause. There was also some doubt if he would remember the past because, on coming out of his coma, he had not asked for her. She was terrified, especially when they said that his chances of recovery hinged on his power of recognition. Only this would tell them whether or not he had suffered irreparable brain damage.

It was a terrible moment for Lalitha. She went in full of apprehension. He looked pale and lifeless, but when he saw her, quick recognition shot into one eyes. He tried to say something, but no sound emerged. His mouth twisted in a weird way and some saliva dribbled out of his mouth. Lalitha clutched his hand. Her wildest dreams were realised. He had recognised her.

"He knows me," she cried, "he knows me!" She looked wildly at the doctors, willing them to share her joy. But they watched Rajan's right hand with alarm. Lalitha, in her frenzy of excitement, had dug her nails deep into his flesh. But he did not seem to feel any pain.

One doctor tested his right leg for reaction, but felt no answering quiver. It told them that Rajan's right side was paralysed. His left half seemed normal because he moved his arm and leg, but speech was impaired and the rectal bleeding would have to be controlled without delay.

When medicines failed, one doctor suggested giving the patient ice-cream. It was not suggested as a joke but as a real last resort. The icecream that Rajan was fed worked wonders. The bleeding stopped at once, as suddenly as it had begun.

Then began Rajan's slow uphill climb to recovery. He spent two months in hospital during which time Lalitha was with him day and night. He underwent physiotherapy to keep the right half of his body from getting stiff. Lalitha fed him, dressed him and talked to him during those bleak days when he felt utterly helpless and a burden to everybody.

Today, Lalitha is a fully qualified Chartered Accountant, running Rajan's entire business with cool efficiency. At the same time she finds time to attend to Rajan's smallest needs, to take him for drives when he feels cooped up in the house, to entertain him with anecdotes.

She is a loving mother to her daughter Rekha, who has shared with her the most tempestuous moments in their domestic life. She is a support to her widowed mother-in-law and sister-in-law who lean completely on Lalitha for physical, mental and emotional solace.

Lalitha has not lost hope. Even today she asks doctors, "Will my husband walk?"

And they say, "Be grateful his condition has not deteriorated. It is a miracle he has come through such a terrible ordeal."

Then Lalitha thanks Providence for keeping Rajan alive, for giving her a daughter who dotes on her and relatives who rallied round in her hour of tribulation, for the house Rajan built when he was at the peak of his professional life, and the investments he wisely made which have helped tide over the most difficult part of their lives.

**At a function held at Rashtrapati Bhavan on February 15, 1978, the President, N. Sanjiva Reddy, presented the Arjuna Awards for 1975-76 to 29 outstanding sportsmen and sportswomen who have distinguished themselves in different sports activities.**

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# LAL MAHAL

***She had to sell the Lal Mahal, but her father was still installed there***

**Arvind Dhurandhar**

RAJA Ram Charan's Lal Mahal was hers at last. The High Court had passed the decree in her favour after a mammoth battle lasting for over fifteen years. There were tears of joy in Sumitra's eyes, as she walked through the spacious courtyard garden of the Lal Mahal. Today the Mahal showed signs of decay and neglect. This very Mahal had been a luxurious palace in the good old days when her father had been ruling the State.

Sumitra had been a little girl then. She used to spend hours in the zenana balcony overlooking the courtyard, watching wide eyed, with intense interest, all the happenings there. Her father used to leave at eleven every morning to attend the durbar. Moti, the elephant, used to be draped with the most expensive of gold cloth and decorated with ceremonial trappings. Moti's forehead and trunk used to be adorned with intricate designs in sandalwood. The Raja looked so regal, sitting in the silver howdah behind the mahout. Thereafter the courtyard used to be cleared of all males and the Rani and other ladies of the household used to come down to pray to Lord Shiva in the family temple, which was built of sparkling white marble in one corner of the courtyard.

The temple was still there, but the white marble was covered with a green, slimy moss. No one had bothered to pray at the family shrine for years now, after the Raja's demise. The family pujari had informed Sumitra that the Raja had returned to the Mahal as a king cobra after his death. He had himself seen the cobra wrapped around the Shiva Linga. Sumitra had laughed away the pujari's talk, but now she wondered if he had been telling her the truth. Hadn't he told her that good would triumph over evil in the end and she would get back the Lal Mahal? He had been right after all. It was a pity that he had not lived to see her victory.

Sumitra was reminded of her wedding day. It was over thirty-five years ago that she had been a bride. A lifetime had passed by, but she could still remember the crowded events of that day in minute detail. The Mahal had been decorated for a fortnight with thousands of marigold and mango leaf garlands. At night these garlands used to be replaced with garlands of twinkling lights of various colours. A portion of the huge courtyard had been converted into an open air kitchen. A host of cooks had laboured day and night to prepare mountains of delicious sweetmeats... laddus, jalebis, barfi and halwa of various types.

On the wedding day, they had prepared delicious rabdi. The guests and relatives had feasted for over a week. At night the lush green lawns of the Mahal had glittered with and resounded to the sparkle and explosions of fireworks, specially ordered from abroad for the occasion.

Sumitra's trousseau was laid out in a large room on the first floor of the Mahal for all the guests to see. There were sarees galore with heavy gold borders and sequin work in gold and silver, jewellery of every dazzling variety and household goods of every conceivable type. The Raja had provided his only child with everything. Everyone envied the good fortune of Sumitra. Devendranath, Sumitra's husband to be, was a handsome Army officer. He was a captain in the cavalry and was posted at Ahmednagar near Pune. His grandmother was a descendant of the royal family of Jodhpur and they were a well-known family of Bombay.

The wedding was celebrated in royal style. The traditional rites were held late at night, and the next day, a huge banquet was held for the distinguished guests which included the Rajas from various neighbouring states, the Viceroy's special representative from Delhi, the British Resident and other important foreign and Indian guests. A number of Devendranath's friends and fellow officers from the Army were also present and there was a lot of boisterous fun and frolic.

After the wedding, Sumitra and Devendranath left for Bombay, where Devendranath's parents lived. It really broke Sumitra's heart to leave her father and the Lal Mahal. After her mother's death, the Raja had been both father and mother to her and the Lal Mahal had been like a cradle to her. The Raja wept like a child when Sumitra left in the traditional doli. Sumitra was very dear to him and parting from her was a sorrow he had dreaded all the time, but how long could he keep her with him? A daughter was after all a borrowed pleasure and one couldn't afford to live in debt for long, even if one was a Raja. The sooner the debt was paid back, the better it was.

Still the Raja had held on to Sumitra for far too long a time. He had encouraged her to study and, whenever the question of her marriage was brought up by anyone, he had shrugged it away by saying that she had to graduate first. Thus, when he began looking for suitable matches or Sumitra, he found that all the eligible boys from royal families had already been betrothed. The Raja did not consider Devendranath inferior in any manner to wed his daughter, but he did feel pangs of sorrow when he thought that Devendranath was not a prince from a royal family. To appease his own conscience and to keep the babbling tongues of his relatives from wagging, he always referred to Devendranath

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Sumitra got a rude shock when she entered her father-in-law's flat at Bombay. If not a mahal like her father's, she had expected at least a rambling bungalow like the ones in which her father's courtiers lived. A three-bedroom flat overlooking a busy thoroughfare in the heart of the city was a far cry from the Lal Mahal that she had been used to. She experienced a feeling of claustrophobia in the flat.

The Bombay stay was mercifully short and Sumitra and Devendranath soon left for Ahmednagar, where they settled down to a peaceful, gracious and happy life in a sprawling bungalow in the cantonment area. Sumitra had a host of servants at her beck and call and she was soon visiting the wives of Devendranath's colleagues for the inevitable morning coffee sessions. She made friends fast and was soon an established member of the ladies' club. Her princess status drew the ladies to her and she was soon taught how to play rummy, bridge and mah-jong, the absolute essentials of an Army officer's wife's training.

Devendranath's pay was not very much but they never had any dearth of spending money thanks to the Raja's generous cheques that arrived unfailingly before the numerous Hindu religious festivals. In addition to these, the Raja sent huge hampers of sweetmeats, dried fruit, whisky bottles and other goodies every month for his daughter and son-in-law. Sumitra and Devendranath entertained regularly and their parties were always big hits because of the lavish flow of drinks and good food. Sumitra soon discarded her heavy sarees and jewellery and took to wearing cool French chiffons and pearls for parties.

Then Sumitra became pregnant. When she informed the Raja, he sent her a message that she was to return to the Lal Mahal forthwith. Sumitra was not keen on leaving Devendranath alone, but she couldn't also deny her father the pleasure of spoiling and looking after her during her period of confinement. The six months that she spent at the Mahal were a dream. Devendranath came down on leave for a month and there was a lot of wining and dining. Sumitra delivered a son and the Raja was overjoyed. He lavished money and food on friends and Brahmins alike. He celebrated the event as if he had himself begotton a son and heir.

The fact that he had no son was a big void in his life. His family had descended from the Sun God and it was a pity that it would end with him. His State would be annexed by the Britishers after his death. The Raja's numerous requests to the Viceroy to allow him to adopt a son were all turned down. He tried heaping expensive presents on the British Resident in the hope that he would put up his case favourably to the Viceroy, but it had all been in vain. His State was his till his death. Thereafter his saffron flag, with the rising sun embroidered on it with gold thread, would be hauled down and the Union Jack would take its place.

After the naming ceremony of Sumitra's son was over, Sumitra had to go and spend a fortnight with her in-laws in Bombay. It was a miserable fortnight. Sumitra felt like a caged bird after her life of freedom in the Ahmednagar cantonment and in the Lal Mahal.

Days passed into years. Sumitra and Devendranath's family grew. They now had three children. The Second World War had begun. Devendranath had been sent to fight on the Burma front. Sumitra and the children had gone to live with the Raja in the Lal Mahal. Those had been very trying days with the tension of war all around them. Sumitra used to wait for the occasional and terribly delayed letters from Devendranath. The Raja spent his time listening to the war news on the radio.

Sumitra's children just loved the Lal Mahal. They spent their time looking for buried treasure in the grounds of the Mahal! The Raja's retinue of servants regaled them with stories of ghosts that were supposed to haunt the Mahal. Sumitra prayed every morning and evening in the family shrine for Devendranath's safety. The Raja contributed generously to the Government's War Fund. He was amply rewarded by the Government with a string of titles. The war had made him give up quite a few of his lavish ways and become austere. He hated doing this and cursed the Japanese and the Germans.

Then one day, the war was over and Devendranath returned home in glory as a war hero. The Raja got an opportunity to throw a lavish party. It was like old times again. Then the independence movement began. Before the Raja could realise what had happened, India was granted independence and he had to give up his State in return for a modest privy purse. The Raja was shocked. How could this have happened? He rushed to Delhi and took an active part in the meetings of the Princes. However, nothing much was achieved by this and the Raja returned to the Lal Mahal a broken-hearted and lonely man. All the pomp and glory were literally lost overnight.

Devendranath was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel a year after independence. He had benefited from the country s independence. Sumitra was happy for her husband but sad for ner father. The Raja began keeping indifferent health and he wouldn't listen to anyone in the Mahal. One day he visited Sumitra in Pune for a few hours on his way to Bombay. He had to go and consult his solicitors regarding some monetary settlements on account of his estates that had been handed over to the Government. Sumitra was shocked to see the condition of her father. She tried to persuade him to consult a good doctor in Bombay, but it was of no avail.

As the years went by, presents from the Raja became rare. The needs of Sumitra's family grew and there was not enough money coming in. For the first time in her life, Sumitra had to economise and deprive her family and herself of luxuries in order to be able to make both ends meet. Even her entourage of servants had to be reduced to a bare minimum of two, a sweeper and a cook-cum-bearer. Sumitra found herself spending a lot of her time in the kitchen. The Sumitra who had grown up in the lap of luxury was now like any other Army officer's wife. These ladies were used to this sort of life, not having known any lavish comforts, but Sumitra found the going very rough.

Many a time she found her eyes filling with tears as she went about her household chores, but what could she do? A few glamorous events like cocktail parties and dinners did come her way, but these could not lessen the hardships that she had to face. To make matters worse, Devendranath's mother, recently widowed, came and spent four months in a year with them. The old lady had become even more nagging and cranky with the passage of time and she found fault with everything that Sumitra did. Sumitra tried ner best to tolerate the old lady's constant grumbling, but at the end of the day she could not help answering her back rudely. Devendranath didn't like this behaviour and the whole affair would develop into a violent quarrel between husband and wife.

Day by day, Sumitra began to live in the glories of yesteryear. Her memories did help to keep her sane, but at the same time they alienated her from the present, from her loved ones. Then Devendranath was promoted Major-General and transferred to Bombay. They got a rambling bungalow in Colaba. Again Sumitra had a host of servants and orderlies at her beck and call. There were parties galore and Sumitra was soon completely immersed in the social whirl. She was her old self again and all was well for awhile.

Then the Raja fell seriously ill suddenly. The doctors diagnosed his ailment as cancer and recommended an operation. Literally overnight the Raja had to be brought to Bombay. When Sumitra met him at the Santa Cruz airport, she knew that his last days had come. She however behaved as if there was nothing serious and took him home. Devendranath hosted a cocktail party to introduce the Raja to all his friends. Though so ill, the Raja behaved as if everything was well and was the life and soul of the party. It was just like the old days at the Lal Mahal. However, next morning, the Raja was admitted into hospital in preparation for his operation. Before he was taken into the operation theatre, he took Sumitra s hand in his own and made her promise that she would look after his beloved Lal Mahal in case anything happened to him. Sumitra was speechless. Her eyes glistened with tears. She nodded her head in silent acquiscence. The Raja did not survive the operation.

Sumitra wanted to take the Raja's body back home to the Lal Mahal for the last rites, but Devendranath persuaded her to perform the last rites in Bombay itself. The Raja had come into the world amidst much fanfare and glory, but he left it like any ordinary mortal. A few of the Raja's trusted nobles did come to Bombay for the funeral, but what were they compared to the hordes of people who had rejoiced at and celebrated his birth?

A few days after the Raja's demise, Sumitra went to the State to take possession of the Lal Mahal and the Raja's property. She was shocked to find that the Mahal had been taken over by the Raja's retainers who refused to allow her even to enter the premises. They claimed that the Raja had left the Mahal to them in his will. The Raja's oringinal will was in his safe in the Mahal and Sumitra could not get to it even though she had the keys to the safe in her possession. She returned to Bombay a defeated woman. In Bombay she contacted the Raja's solicitors who advised her to file a suit.

The long legal battle then began. Sumitra did not have enough money for the litigation and had to sell most of her jewellery to raise funds. Many a time, Devendranath advised her to give up the litigation as it was telling adversely on her health as well

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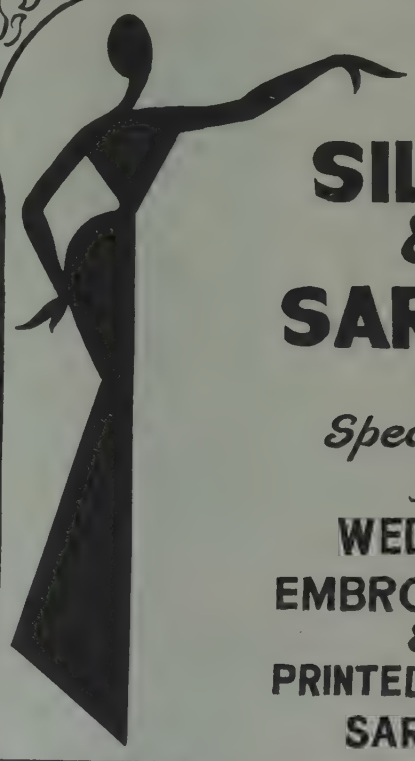

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**Continued from page 15**

ches and other paraphernalia manufactured at Perambur are being sold on the West Asian market, bringing in precious foreign exchange. And it is difficult to condemn this, for after all, if we don't enter this market, some one else will and we'll lose all the profits we're making there today. Secondly, overhead power needed to run trains is also limited. In fact, our installed capacity has now reached saturation point. We run an awful risk of burning out our substations if we push up the number of trains any further, particularly during the peak hours — this did happen once. We're therefore trying to augment power capacity by building five new substations. We've also got an 'Optimisation Project' on hand, which will improve the frequency of our trains in the peak hours — from one in every 6 minutes to one in every 5 minutes, on each of our three corridors."

Work on a fly-over rail track connecting the Central and Western Railways, at a point near Khar on the WR, has also begun. This will enable the Central Railway to extend its trains on the Western Railway tracks till say, Andheri. Commuters who would otherwise have to switch over from the CR to the WR, will be spared that bother.

Track accidents continue to be one of the greatest hazards commuters face on Bombay's suburban railways. Trains, especially during the "peak of the peak hours" are so over-crowded (some of them then carry anything over 4000 commuters each) that people cling to virtually every inch of available space— at the entrance to compartments, on the handles of compartment doors, on the window-bars and on the roof-tops. Pillars, signal posts, poles, etc. prove fatal to those hanging on to the sides of trains. At least 10 persons are killed and ten seriously injured **every day** on the railway tracks. And, what is more, their number has steadily increased in the last few years.

Unfortunately, a number of legal snaggles prevent a track victim from being speedily transported to hospital. First of all, the body has to be taken by train to a station which is nearest to a public hospital — taxis and ambulances are not provided by the railway authorities. This entails a wait for the next train which could take up any amount of precious time for someone hovering between life and death. Then the body cannot be interfered with in any way before the Government Railway Police (GRP) arrive on the scene and organise their panchnama — all of which again can take up any amount of time. Even if any doctor or medical person is fortunately available, he will hesitate to do anything because he does not want to get enmeshed in the legal tangle afterwards.

Till some months ago, there was no provision even for a simple piece of cloth to cover the unfortunate victims — a Bombay voluntary organisation now provides this — so that they were left to the tender mercies of the elements and the ghoulish scrutiny of commuters.

Finally, after all these time-consuming intervals, the victim may be taken to a public hospital — and, given the much publicised genius of these institutions to delay things further, it's no wonder that even those victims who could have been saved, die because hours elapse between the time of sustaining injuries and receiving medical attention. Railway authorities confess themselves helpless and unable to alter the existing scheme of things. "The Law" they say, cannot be circumvented.

The case of Shashikala, one such unfortunate track victim typifies the way the matter is handled by the authorities. Her brother, Mr. Gurunath Prabhu says, "My sister met with the accident at about 7.30 p.m., but I wasn't informed till four hours later, in spite of the fact that she had my name and telephone number on her person. When I went to the station, the station master told me that the body would have to be sent to the coroner's court, and that wouldn't be till the next day, when the hearse came. In the meantime the body had just been dumped in a dirty corner of the station-master's room — they hadn't even covered it with a cloth. I told them that I could provide an ambulance myself, at my own cost, to take the body to the coroner's court, rather than letting it lie in those filthy conditions overnight. But no — the law was the law — they refused to allow me to bring an ambulance, even though I told them that the police could accompany me in it. . ."

Deploring the inhuman way track victims are dealt with, Mr. Prabhu says, "I agree that the law has to be respected. But there should be an element of humanity in the way they deal with such cases. And particularly, when people like me can afford it, and offer an ambulance for the body, it's indecent to refuse. . ."

Mr. Prabhu was working with Bombay Doordarshan at that time, and all this made a deep impression on him. Consequently, he made a film on trespassing on railway tracks titled (in Marathi) 'Udee Mrutyuchya Khaaieet" — a much-acclaimed film that has drawn the attention of railway officials and viewers alike. The film has to date been shown six times on Bombay Doordarshan.

The railway authorities have given a lot of publicity to this problem — via posters, films, slides, etc.

## LAL MAHAL

as on her fast dwindling funds, but Sumitra would not listen. She had promised her father that she would look after the Lal Mahal after his death and she would keep her promise at any cost. The battle continued for fifteen long years, during which period Devendranath retired from the army and they settled down in Bombay in a flat similar to the one that Sumitra had gone to as a young bride. Sumitra's children got married and she even became a grandmother.

Now the Lal Mahal was at last hers, but she did not have the money to maintain it. Devendranath was very sweet and was ready to spend whatever he could to maintain the Lal Mahal, but it was not enough. Only Rajas like her father could afford to maintain a vast palace like that. Sumitra knew that she would have to sell the Lal Mahal and break the promise that she had given to her father.

She was lost in her bitter thoughts as she walked towards the family temple. Maybe Lord Shiva would show her the way. Sumitra bowed low before the Shiva Linga. As she raised her head, she saw a huge king cobra looking at her with beady eyes from behind the Linga. The cobra had raised its hood and it was flicking its forked tongue. Sumitra did not get frightened, but only bowed again in deep reverence.

The family pujari had been correct. The Raja was indeed present in the Mahal. Even if she sold the Mahal now, it would still belong to the Raja. Wasn't he present in the form of the king cobra in the Lal Mahal? When Sumitra raised her head, the cobra had gone, but Sumitra's mind was at rest.

The Lal Mahal is a boarding school today. At dusk, the courtyard resounds with the laughter and shouts of children. None of them ventures near the temple however, as it is rumoured that a cobra lives there. All attempts to catch the cobra have failed and the authorities have given up their efforts as the cobra has not harmed anyone ever.

**Devi**

Goldie, who is quick with his script, screenplay, showed a lack of speed when he took twenty years to organise his own love story and bring it to a happy end. It was an open secret that Goldie was in love with his own niece, elder step-sister's daughter Suchma. Geographically, Goldie was misplaced. Had he been a South Indian, he would have been married years ago. But in Punjab it is a sin. Out of frustration, Goldie

## MAMA-BHAANJI WEDDING

committed more sins like marrying Loveleen.

The Anand family resents the marriage. But the point is, they, including Sushma's mother, knew of the affair. Sushma's family readily accepted the moral and material support of uncle Goldie, then why this noise when their relationship has turned holy?

* * *

Hardly did Mastan arrange for Sona's publicity strips, than Meena Sharma (ex-Mastan) came running to me with a bagful of "gaalies" for Mastan, curses for Sona and praise for Jerry. Jerry is the stuntman-fight arranger from London.

Meena swoons over his Tarzan muscles and says, "Kahan woh budha, dubla patla, darpook Mastan aur kahan mera Jerry?"

Meena told me everything except that Jerry is married to a not too bad looking female. Mrs. Jerry was drifting aimlessly at Yash Chopra's party.

It was but natural that the drifting, high spirited Mrs. Jerry should bump into Sanjeev Kumar, also drunk and drifting. He offered to take her out to another party for more drifting and drinking, but Salim of Javed fame decided to be the "Sholay" type yaar of Jerry. He thought it was his moral duty as Jerry's friend (Jerry is the fight arranger of "Shaan") to save Mrs. Jerry. So he dumped her in a hen group and advised her to go to bed early.

# people and events

At a party hosted in Bombay by Mr. D. G. Telang, vice-president, Sales & Marketing, Oberoi Hotels, are from left, Mr. Warden, commercial manager, Indian Airlines, Mrs. Warden, Mr. S. R. Parikh, joint managing director, Trade Wings, Mrs. Courtney, Mr. Richard Klinger, chairman of the Board, and president of Holiday Ramblers Inc., USA, Mr. Alan Whitehouse, Tour Mgr, Trade-Wings, (background) Mrs. Klinger, Mr. D. G. Telang, Mr. Ian Wright (background) accounts executive, Maritz Travel Co., USA, Miss Joan D'Sylva, asst. mgr. sales, OSH, Mr. William Courtney, US Consul-Gen. in Bombay.

ABOVE: Revolution Day (March 8) was celebrated by the Consul General of Syria Mr. Sobi El-Ejel and Mrs. Ejel in Bombay. Seen from left are, Mrs. Salma Najib, Mrs. Kadiri, Mr. and Mrs. El-Ejel, Mr. Kapadia, Sheriff of Bombay and Mrs. Kazim.

RIGHT: Mrs. Hena Rahimtulla, vice-president of the Indian Chapter of the Ohara School, greets Mr. S. Horino, Consul General of Japan who inaugurated the Chapter's fourth Ikebana exhibition in Bombay. Mrs. Nirmala Lukmani, pres., looks on.

At the Maharashtra State Women's Council's annual fund-raising function, a "Producer's Night" held in Bombay, are seen from left, Mr. F. C. Mehra, producer of "Bandie", Sulakshana Pandit, Mrs. Walawalkar, chairman, Funds Committee, Mrs. Apte, president, M. S. W. C., Mrs. Anand, P.R.O., and Mrs. Mehta, jt. hon. secretary, Funds Committee.

ABOVE: Princess Ashraf Pahlavi of Iran being escorted to her suite by Mr. Anil Bajaj, Sales Manager (3rd from left) and Mr. C. S. Pantal, GM (4th from left), of the Welcomhotel Mughal, Agra.

BELOW: At the inauguration of Mohini's Collections Boutique in Bombay, a beauty contest was also held. Pic. shows Mermaidform Queen '78 Jasmin Chinoy, who was crowned by filmstar Zaherra (left). At right is Mr. Chandru Chotrani of Mohini's Collections Boutique.

LEFT: Seen at the birth centenary celebration of Reza Shah of Iran, founder of the Pahlavi Dynasty, held by Mr. M. Moadel, the consul-general of Iran in Bombay, are from left, Mr. K. K. Moghe, Addl. Chief Sec., Maharashtra Govt., Mrs. Vohra, wife of Maj. Gen. I. M. Vohra, Mrs. S. Emina, wife of the Italian con.-gen., & the host.

BELOW: At the inaugural function of I.T.C. Sangeet Research Academy in Calcutta are seen from left Mr. V. K. Kichlu, Mr. A. N. Mishra, Mr. T. N. Singh, Governor, West Bengal, Mr. A. N. Haksar and Mr. A. Kannan and artistes Hira Bai Barodekar, Girija Devi, Ustad Nisar Hussain Khan and Ustad Latafat Hussain Khan.

## bombay

The Third Asian Congress of Secretaries was held in Singapore last month, under the auspices of The Association of Secretaries in Asia. The National Institute of Personal Secretaries Bombay, the only association of its kind in India, is a member of the ASA and had sponsored a delegation of 11 senior secretaries to represent India at the Congress. The delegation was led by Mrs. Homai H. Mehta, President of NIPS. There were about 550 delegates from various Asian Countries and also from Australia, New Zealand and Brazil. The theme of the Congress was "The Secretary in the Modern Era".

* * *

An imaginative "Green Revolution" was staged in Bombay by Kusum Vaidya at the Aakar Art Gallery. On display were a variety of luxuriant indoor and outdoor plants.

The exhibition's aim is to bring home to the city-dweller the pleasures and rewards of cultivating indoor gardens, which are very much within his reach and easy to care for. Kusum Vaidya also offers guidance and advice on the cultivation of plants. The simplicity of presentation and the inspiration it provided for the urban home, made this a noteworthy show. The exhibition was inaugurated by Mrs. Smita Khandelwal, herself an expert in the field.

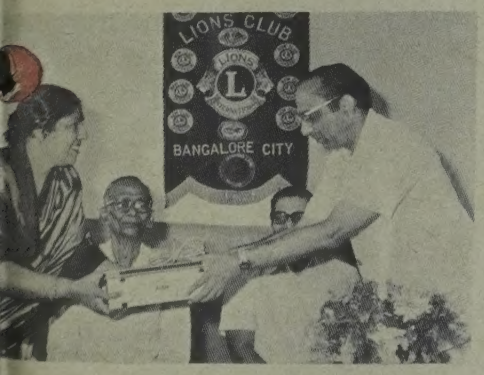
Jasmin Chinoy, 26-year-old interpreter for the British Dy. High Commission was crowned Mermaidform Queen 1978 by film star Zaherra at a fashion show and beauty contest organised at Hotel Oberoi Sheraton. The occasion was the inauguration of Mohini's Collections Boutique. Jasmin Chinoy won the title from among 15 contestants. Miss Deeksha Kapoor and Miss Resquinha were the first and second runners-up respectively.

Outfits for the fashion show were manufactured by Flying Arrow for men and Mermaidform for women.

Zaherra, Mrs. Lalita Bapat, Mrs. Abbas Lahir, Mrs. Nargis Dalal, Mr. M. V. Thrunarayan and Mr. H. H. Ismail were the judges.

* * *

A novel environmental project, the Kanheri Nature Trail, the first of its kind in India, was inaugurated in the presence of Mrs. Ali Yavar Jung and Mr. Salim Ali, noted ornithologist. The foothills of the Kanheri caves are densely wooded and full of varied flora and fauna. Dr. Shanti J. Vaidya, active Rotarian and Director of Rotary Club of Bombay Mid-Town was inspired by a nature trail in the USA to start one here. The trail has two tracks of about three km. and one km. each. The Rotary Club has also provided young trained guides.




**LEFT: Mrs. Nirupama Kamath, wife of the Chairman of Canara Bank receives the E.C.G. Machine presented by Mr. S. N. Mehrotra, president of Lion's Club, Bangalore City for the hospital run by Canara Bank's Relief and Welfare Society. Others in the picture are Mr. Damodar Pai, President of the Society and Mr. J. S. Rao, chief guest.**

**Vyjayanthimala's Natyalaya Auditorium in Madras was inaugurated by Mr. Charles McCaskill, the American Consul-General in Madras. Looking on is Dr. Bali, the executive chairman of Natyalaya and seated in the middle is veteran Carnatic music singer Mrs. D. K. Pattammal.**

## delhi

A salad decoration contest was organised by the Air Force Officers' Wives Club at the Defence Services Institute, New Delhi. Though the number of entries was much less than expected some very original ideas were used in the arrangements displayed.

The show was judged by Mrs. Latif, wife of the Vice Chief of Air Staff, Air Marshall I. H. Latif, Mrs. Sabhaney, wife of Air Marshal I. W. Sabhaney and Mrs. Maneckshaw, wife of Air Vice Marshal J. H. F. Maneckshaw.

Mrs. Latif gave away the prizes. The first prize in the fruit section went to the entry titled "Festival Fruit Salad." The prizes for the most original creations went to a sugarcane cart fruit salad and a village scene complete with a pond and steps leading down to it, all done with vegetables.

## calcutta

In a colourful and impressive ceremony, the Governor of West Bengal, Mr. T. N. Singh inaugurated the I.T.C. Sangeet Research Academy. Girija Devi, the renowned musician rendered a very appealing Saraswati Vandana which was followed by the garlanding of a Saraswati image by Hira Bai Barodekar and the lighting of the lamp by Ustad Nisar Hussain Khan.

The Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the I.T.C. Sangeet Research Academy Trust, Mr. A. N. Haksar, in his welcome address, mentioned that the two main objectives of the Academy were the need to train the advanced students of music according to the Guru-Shishya system, and secondly, to conduct research in the various training systems of classical music. The Academy's future plans include the creation of a large campus on the lines of Shanti Niketan where advanced students of music would be given scholarships.

The four musicians connected with the Academy. Hira Bai Barodekar, Ustad Nisar Hussain Khan, Girija Devi and Ustad Latafat Hussain Khan received presentations from the Governor on behalf of the Academy.

Mr. V. K. Kichlu, the Director of the Academy expressed that he expects to receive guidance from eminent personalities connected with the Academy.

## world of eve

**USHA MENON**

Usha Menon, who has recently been appointed Sales Executive in Madras for the Oberoi Group of Hotels, has been in the hotel industry for the last six years.

Graduating from the Queen Mary's College in Madras, Usha started her career in 1972 as Reservations and Front Office Assistant with Hotel Savera, Madras. She veered into Public Relations and Sales in this very first job. In 1975, she joined Hotel Sudarshan International, Madras as Assistant Manager, and handled Front Office as well as Sales and Marketing. She worked here for two years till she took up her present assignment.

Her first job put her in contact with the travel industry, which strengthened when she married a travel executive. They now have a baby daughter, 18 months old. Usha indulges in her hobbies — reading and music — when the baby permits.

**LEKHA PATHAK**

Dr. Lekha Pathak has the distinction of being the first lady cardiologist in Maharashtra. A post-graduate in Medicine from Jabalpur University, Lekha joined a post-graduate course in cardiology at the KEM Hospital, Bombay after which she underwent training under eminent cardiologist Dr. Shantilal Shah.

Encouraged by her mother and inspired by Dr. S. Padmavati, the illustrious cardiologist, Lekha is dedicated to her profession. She has received the Mrs. Jal. R. Vakil Gold Medal and Fellowship, given every four years by the Association of Psysicians of India, for her work on Eco-Cardiology. Attached to two Bombay hospitals she is also the Honorary Editorial Secretary of the Indian Heart Journal. She practises at home in the evenings.

"I wish more women would enter this profession: the sense of achievement is so great, though it is a very strenuous job," says Lekha.

Lekha's dedication is such that she lays no importance to marriage — at least "right now, I am only interested in learning more and more."

# madam i'm adam

I was working hard in my den, when my daughter, Elsa Joan, burst into the room like a bullet from a gun. I was so startled, I damn near swallowed the typewriter.

"My child," I said, "don't you ever knock on doors?"

"Sorry, Pop," she said, "I came to ask you something. May I have Bimbo over for the weekend?"

"Sure, pet," I said absently. Then I had vague doubts. "Hold it," I said. "Just who the hell is Bimbo?"

"His real name is Sunil," said my daughter, "but everybody calls him Bimbo, God knows why. He's twenty-three, five-eight, handsome, cheerful, and he plays a real mean trumpet."

I was quick on the comeback. "Invite him provided he leaves his bugle in his own backyard."

"Aw gee, Pop," she said, "be a sport. Bimbo really plays well. What's the use of having talent if you hide it under a — under a ——"

"Bushel."

"That's it, bushel."

I relented. "Okay, honey," I said. "Bring Bimbo over, trumpet and all."

She said, "Gee, thanks Pop," kissed me on the cheek and went away.

I couldn't get back to work. Somehow, I kept thinking of the walls of Jericho.

* * *

On Friday at 19.30 hours, Bimbo drifted in. I was impressed. He wasn't the long-haired, hip-swivelling, gum-chewing type I'd expected. He was clean-cut, neat, polite and cheerful.

Phyllis and the kids clamoured around, playing host. I could see he'd made an immediate hit. I broke in and said, "What'll it be, Bimbo? Beer or something with more slam on it?"

Bimbo said, "Brandy, with ice-water on the side. Thanks."

I elevated my eyebrows. This guy not only practised the trumpet, he probably read Mike Shayne under a bedlamp. When the drinks came, he drank his like a gentleman. Score another point for Bimbo!

* * *

We then sat around chatting pleasantly. Bimbo kept two drinks behind me and his tongue didn't stagger an inch. He told us amusing anecdotes about musicians. One was about a snobbish lady whose cigarette-holder was so long only a trombone player could light her cigarettes. Another was about a guy who insisted on finding lodgings with a deaf landlady — he was a jazz drummer. But the one I liked best was about the millionaire who was crazy mad to be a conductor. So he bought his own orchestra and theatre and arranged a performance. After ten minutes, all the musicians knew the rich man didn't know a 'minim' from a motor-boat. So the drummer, in disgust, came out with a terrific roll halfway through. The millionaire raised his head sharply and said, "WHO DID THAT?"

* * *

Then I said, "I know we'll find out soon, Bimbo, but what sort of music do you play?"

"All kinds, sir," said Bimbo. "I can keep it smooth and silky, or rip the roof off. Louis Armstrong's my hero. I worship the ground that man lies under."

"Rightly so, boy," I said. "Armstrong's the greatest jazz entertainer who ever stepped on a stage."

Just then the doorbell had an epileptic fit. Kenneth Carl stepped over and opened up. My Aunt Esmeralda entered. For a moment, silence descended on the room like a blanket wafting over a corpse. Her usual effect! Jeeze, if she went to the United Nations, the microphones would play dead. Then of course, we greeted her and offered her her favourite chair — a straight-backed thing designed for permanent spine damage.

* * *

With the prerogative of age, Aunt Esmeralda ignored us and said to Phyllis, "Darling, you must put me up for the weekend. I'm having my home painted and you know how the smell affects my asthma."

As you know, baby, Aunt Esmeralda and I get on like mongoose and snake. Elsa Joan knows of this antipathy so she quickly said, "Bimbo's staying the weekend, Aunt, and I must warn you he plays the trumpet. He can really rip the roof off."

Aunt Esmeralda shuddered She thinks all trumpeters should be lined up and shot. After half an hour of dry conversation, she went away. I whooped! "Bimbo, old boy," I said, "unlimber your trumpet and play. And don't keep it smooth and silky, old man — rip the roof off. You just saved my life."

G'bye now!

**Adam**

## next week

**Eve's Weekly**

ISSUE OF APRIL 15, 1978

### STUDENT UNREST

**Students all over the country have been up in arms about different issues through much of 1977 and, now, 1978. Reports from various parts of the country give a picture of the student agitations and what they are about.**

### REHABILITATION AFTER CANCER

**In the second part of his two-part article on cancer, the doctor discusses the rehabilitation of cancer patients.**

### FASHION OF THE MONTH

**The fifth in the series of fashion features that could win you a fabulous wardrobe.**

APRIL 1978

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# Tick with the time

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